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MY SECRET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY NORA PERRY.

What if I think of you once in a while,
With a little blush and a little smile,
With a little blush that comes and goes,
As the sweet, sweet wind of memory blows?

What if I picture now with care,
A tete-a-tete, and an easy chair?
What if I make the picture clear,
By lighting it up with a chandelier?

Can you see by the softly shimmering flame?
Can you see to read the musical name
Of him who sits in graceful state,
On the little rosewood tete-a-tete?

Can you see me sitting before him there,
Sitting within the easy chair?
Can you hear the laugh, can you hear the jest—
The musical laugh of my handsome guest?

Is it unwise to paint the view,
In colors so warm, and light it too?
Will somebody claim the graceful state
On the little rosewood tete-a-tete?

How many may lose by claiming that!
For many a handsome guest has sat,
Beneath the shimmering chandelier,
While the easy chair was standing near.

How many may lose, how many may win!
Ah, Vanity is a costly sin!
For the one I mean will never suppose
That for him the wind of memory blows.

Then what if I think of you once in a while,
With a little blush and a little smile?
With a little blush that comes and goes,
As the sweet, sweet wind of memory blows?

COURTSHIPS AT CARNEDD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY HOWITT.

It is not my purpose to relate any romantic history of high-born, wealthy, or fashionable heroes and heroines, but a little narrative of simple village folk, such as you or I, dear reader, might encounter any day. The scene of our story is laid in a little village in the North of Wales.

Wild, bleak hills shut in a small valley opening out to the sea, and through this valley a mountain torrent rushes, dashing and leaping along its stony channel, spanned by a one-arched gray stone bridge, though, for convenience, when the water is sufficiently low, crossed in many places by rude stepping-stones chosen from amongst the huge boulders which form the bed of the river, and marks its course along the valley. Standing upon the hill tops, where the quiet black cattle graze, you look down upon the village as it lies below, in the form of the letter Y, dotted out in white houses upon a green ground. Very clean and pleasant it looks, with its small church-tower rising up against the opposite hill side, and its two large Methodist chapels, large enough for a moderately sized country town, standing out in bold relief, like sovereigns amid their subjects.

Descending into the narrow, straggling street, you discern the cottages to be poor, though clean, and rendered picturesque by their slated and thatched roofs being overgrown with grass and golden stone-crop. Each door is garnished with a stone-built pig-sty, the inhabitants of which are seldom within its bounds, but more generally parading, with a solemn grunt, the dusty, stony street outside.

This little village, or rather hamlet, boasts of no gentry. The clergyman resides a mile away, and the Methodist preachers belong pretty much to the village class, except such magnates from a distance, who on rare occasions visit their humbler brethren of Carnedd, or as properly pronounced, Carneth.

At the commencement of our narrative, Carnedd boasted of two shops, the sole external difference of which consisted in one being the post-office, and in the name above the door being *Hugh Owen*, whilst the other, not having the dignity of post-office, bore the name of *Owen Hughes*. Both shops professed to sell drapery goods and groceries; both supplied the village children with sweetmeats, and similar goods were served upon opposite counters. Behind Hugh Owen's counter stood a tall, rather awkward, silent, and if it might be so expressed, *elderly* young man, that is to say, a young man who appeared possessed of a gravity or experience beyond his years. Behind the counter of the rival shop, for rivals the shops were, stood a figure the very reverse of Hugh Owen's, as to height and sex, but with a something not dissimilar in the character of premature gravity and experience stamped upon her countenance. "Little Mary," the village called her, and little enough she was, appearing in stature quite child-like behind the high counter.

The family Bible declared her age to be twenty, whilst strangers, judging from her figure, or from the gravity of her expression and demeanor, varied in estimating it at any number between twelve and thirty. Behind the shop, through an open door, was seen the old-fashioned parlor-kitchen, its brown stone floor quaintly ornamented with a neatly whitened, flowery pattern, termed by Mary her carpet. Upon this elegant floor stood the cleanest of three-legged deal tables, and a brightly rubbed old oak commode, whilst the walls were covered with wonderfully bright pots and pans, together with other kitchen utensils, and various gaily colored pictures of Scriptural subjects framed and glazed. In a tall arm-chair upon the hearth, old Owen Hughes, the patriarchal shopkeeper, and Mary's much cherished grandfather might generally be found, reading a Welsh version of the Psalms, and clad in an old-fashioned homespun suit, gray stockings of Mary's knitting, and heavy wooden-soled shoes, with large brass clasps; his long, white hair falling on his shoulders, and his aged figure bowed over his book, which was held very near to his large, horn-rimmed spectacles. The Psalms were his constant reading—being very deaf, and not able to hear much of the village gossip, they, Mary, who was the apple of his eye, and a few fields, which he owned on the neighboring mountain, wholly occupied his thoughts.

A great contrast to this cheerful little apartment was the kitchen, dwelling and sleeping-room of their next door neighbor, Cordelia, or as she was familiarly called, Delia Jones, and whose abode, in fact, separated the rival shops. Delia's room, but meagrely supplied with domestic furniture, might easily have been supposed the harness-chamber of some thrifty groom, for its walls were hung with old horse-collars, straps, bridles, saddles and whips, whilst similar property, in better or worse condition, hung in dusty confusion from the ceiling. Delia was noted throughout the country as an attender of sales, and the purchaser of cheap bargains of saddlery, which, next to the object for which these purchases were made, was her great passion. The cottage, one storied, like all the surrounding ones, was rendered conspicuous by a projecting building, somewhat neater and newer than the cottage itself, which jutted out on one side of the door, according to the fashion of the village, though in this case it was not for the accommodation of a pig, but was the stable of Delia's pony, Shwdyn, her pride and delight, and her main source of income into the bargain; for Delia hired out her pony by the hour to summer tourists in that beautiful district; fetched luggage from the neighboring railway stations, or took it thither in a light cart, and was otherwise in demand throughout the neighborhood. Delia was a tall and very handsome woman of about thirty, and might justly have been styled the queen of the village, her commanding bearing corresponding with her free-spoken and authoritative character.

She and Mary Hughes, whom she invariably styled "our little one," were very good friends, though she was equally friendly with Hugh Owen. "He is a sharp fellow," she would say, "and much wiser than any of us; for he can keep his own counsel, and that's what few people can do!"

Almost daily might Delia be seen seated on the counter of one or other of the shops, making her small purchases and engaged in friendly chat. She said it was a matter of principle with her to divide her custom between the rivals. A half-penny worth of soda was bought at Mary's and an equal quantity at Hugh's.

"Put it into one paper," she would say to him, "the one is just as good as the other; they were bought from the same shop at Caernarvon, and both will go into the same washtub. They were made to be united—like you and little Mary! And now give me three-pen'orth of tea; ten to one it's as good as her's, and her's is the best out of Caernarvon." And five minutes after, she would enter the other shop, her brown teapot in her hand,

"Here, little one, taste your neighbor's tea, don't swallow it down as though it were physic; for I can tell you he sells good tea, though he's a churchman and you a Methodist!"

Delia was a deep tactitian. She resolved to effect a union between the two adverse parties, and not a day passed without her doing or saying something for this purpose. With Hugh Owen she always spoke as if he would marry Mary. He made no reply; never seemed to take the slightest notice of her words; but she said to herself, he heard them and that's enough. With Mary she pursued another mode. "If you're a good Methodist, Mary, you should know better than keep up a quarrel with a neighbor. I'd speak my mind to him, if I were you. Go to him straight off hand, and say, 'Here, Hugh—or neighbor, if you like it better—now I'll behave handsome. Turn over to me your cotton goods, and I'll turn over my groceries to you. Put up a new sign over your door, without *draper*, and I'll put up a new sign without *grocer*; and let us be good neighbors.' I should have the worse bargain, but then there would be an end of the quarrel; and a heart at peace is better than a full purse."

If Hugh Owen was reserved, and kept his feelings and his affairs to himself, Mary was not a whit behind him in these respects. Delia flattered herself that she understood "the little one" thoroughly; and when she, one day, told Owen, with a desire to rouse his jealousy, that Mary did not care a rush for *him*, she feared that she spoke the honest truth; but she was quite mistaken. Little Mary would not have been so grave-looking, had there not been a secret sorrow at her heart, which she was glad enough to conceal under another guise. And yet after all the rival shop was a sore trial to her; but not on her own account so much as because it wounded the pride of her old grandfather, who, in her eyes, was one of the chief persons on earth. His shop was the old established shop of the village; and old and deaf, and infirm as he was, Mary very well knew, that though he often said, in the bitterness of his heart, that he would shut up his shop, since his neighbors were not content with his goods, but would run to the first new comer, yet that to do so in reality would be his death-blow. The shop, therefore, remained open, and Delia and the other villagers divided their custom between the two. Then came another grievance; a post-office was to be established at Carnedd, and of course, old Owen Hughes expected it to be at his shop; but scarcely was the thing talked of than it was done, and the post-office was at Hugh Owens'. All the custom would of course now go to his shop; and he added a handsome supply of stationary to his other goods. Well might the rival shop be a sore subject to the anxious, grave little Mary.

Mary wrote very few letters, and those merely letters of business, so that she had little to do either with the purchase of funny Queen's heads, or with the post-office. Presently, however, a very unlooked for occasion came.

The Rev. Rees Richards, a famous preacher of the Methodist connection, preached at the neighboring village of Bethesda, whither Mary went to hear him, accompanied by her venerable grandfather, who, if he could not hear the words of the eloquent brother, found good unction in his presence, as they took tea with him, at the house of the Rev. John Evans, the established minister of that place. And to Mary's infinite astonishment, came very shortly afterwards a large letter, containing an offer of marriage from the great man. Whether it were the influence of those wonderful Welsh eyes of Mary's—eyes which certainly have an old national character, and are among the finest eyes in the world—or the prevailing idea that she would inherit a good deal of money at the old man's death, or better still, a true, instinctive sense of Mary's piety and native goodness which produced love at first sight, I cannot decide; but so it was, the moment he saw her; even as she sat in chapel during his sermon, the good man believed he saw the little woman who was to be his wife. Mary's astonishment at this letter was beyond words—for the Rev. Rees Richards was a great man, he was not merely a local or itinerant preacher, but a regular Conference minister, and his portrait had been given in a late number of the Methodist Magazine, taken from a London photograph. Never had Mary's little heart been in such a flutter and bewilderment before. She did not dare to tell her grandfather, because he could not possibly have taken any other idea into his head, but that she must accept him. Accept him she could not, and never till now had she realized to her own heart how strong was the influence by which it was swayed. Poor little Mary! she now looked still more grave and distracted, and Delia rallied her without mercy. Mary would have given anything just now for a confidant and adviser; but she could think of nobody with whom she would like to take counsel unless it were the detested Hugh Owens! What in all the world could make her think of him—the rival shopkeeper and a churchman into the bargain? But it was no use perplexing and making herself miserable—a letter must be written or the Rev. Rees Richards would be over in person, for so he threatened. The letter therefore was written, and then came another perplexity, where was it to be posted? Mary seemed all at once to see truth and reason in the words of her old grandfather, who always shook his head when he saw people posting their letters, and said—"Pity to spend so much time in letter-writing and money in postage when they never know that their letters may reach their destination! He never wrote letters himself, and if he did he should think it wiser to post them at Bethesda, where the post-office was kept by the Rev. John Evans!" Yes, surely—there might be some truth in those words; and it was a pity indeed that the post-office was not at her shop, for then she could have posted her letter so safely—now, though she did not believe that Hugh Owen would do such a mean thing as detain a letter, yet, as he stamped all that went out, he would see hers and wonder why she wrote to the great preacher—"No, indeed," said she to herself, in her strong Welsh negative. The letter must not be posted at Carnedd—she would get Delia Jones to take it over to Bangor and post it there. Poor Mary! she had a great deal better have quietly dropped her letter into her neighbor's box than have entrusted it to the wily Delia. What was Mary writing to the Rev. Rees Richard's about in that sly way? and ashamed of letting anybody see her letter, even the outside, and above all not her grandfather, for Mary had warned Delia on that score, nor Hugh Owen? If Delia had deliberately opened the letter and read the contents, she could not have understood the whole thing more thoroughly than she did by her keen woman's instinct, and she astounded and confounded little Mary by standing there, with the letter in her hand, and telling her the whole fact, and though maintaining that it was not merely love of her old grandfather and unwillingness to leave Carnedd and the shop as long as he lived, yet never hinting that Hugh Owen was any way concerned in the matter. Mary therefore accepted Delia as a sort of confidant so far, and was all the happier for it. The letter was posted at Bangor, and the Rev. Rees Richards, though astonished at her reply, was no way daunted, and resolved to prosecute his suit the following spring, when he should again preach at Bethesda.

This was in the autumn, and all went on quietly; Delia merely making use of her discovery so far as to inform Hugh Owen when a suitable opportunity occurred, that to her positive knowledge Mary had had one of the best offers in the country; which information he received with so little apparent emotion, that Delia disgusted, absented herself from his shop, and consequently withdrew her custom for three whole weeks.

And now it was winter; the morning of Christmas Eve. The snow which had fallen heavily during the former week had been thawing rapidly for the last two days. There were no tourists at this season to require Delia's pony, which now, with one of his thrifty mistress's homespun blankets thrown over him, was kept warm in his somewhat windy stable.

Not much ready money therefore coming in to Delia, she was very economical, and this morning had not lighted her fire, as she was going to Mary's to help her prepare a suitable dinner for a preacher from Merianethshire, the Rev. Lloyd Griffiths, and the Rev. John Evans, the preacher and post master of Bethesda, who were both to officiate the following day at Carnedd.

"I'll help them to cook as good a dinner as I can," said Delia, "though I'm no Methodist, not I; and maybe they'll have the pony to take them back to Bethesda, for he is sure-footed, the beast! and the river will be swollen to-morrow night after the thaw, so that they must go around by the bridge. Yes indeed, they'll be wanting the pony."

Old Hughes sat in his accustomed place, with his book lying open upon his knee, every now and then helping in the great cooking preparation, either to bring in fuel or stir the contents of a saucepan on the fire. All this time, however, he was unusually restless and uneasy, and had not the two women been so busy about their own affairs they would have noticed it and been concerned thereat. About three o'clock therefore in the afternoon, whilst they were still in the midst of their preparation, Hughes folded together his large spectacles, placed them within his book, and put it away on the chimney-shelf behind the brass candlesticks, and slowly crossing the room muttered to himself:

"Take one and a half from one hundred and thirteen—that will leave—let me see—a hundred and eleven and a half!"

"You are not going out this afternoon, grandfather?" said Mary anxiously, speaking into his ear, as the old man, having tied a red kerchief round his throat and put on his hat, began feeling about in a drawer of the commode where he kept his best gaiters, his Sunday spectacles, and a few nice apples for the children.

"Oh. Ay—I'll just go there and back," returned he, away from the point of her question, "I'll call and ask how the miller's asthma is. Oh—ay—you don't want me to help, do you?" he pursued, as Delia now took hold of his shoulder wishful to detain him.

"No, no," returned Delia quickly, and shouting into his ear—"but you must not go out in weather like this!"

"But I *must* go," he returned doggedly, and pulling his hat firmly over his eyes and taking his thick oak stick, he started off.

"Ah!" sighed little Mary, "there's no use trying to turn grandfather when he has got anything into his head."

They still pursued their hospitable preparations for the morrow, whilst old Hughes went quite in a different direction to that of the asthmatical miller's. The mountain stream was swollen to a river by the thaw, but a lad helped him very obligingly across the stepping stones, and having reached the other side, he quickened his pace and began to ascend, by the help of his staff, the wet and dreary mountain side in the direction of his own enclosed fields, among the old, anciently-ploughed lands of the mountain-tops. On he went, following the steep tracks, and carefully feeling his way until he reached the desired enclosures, in one of which were the ominous remains of a very ancient erection, probably a dwelling house, for the walls were thick, built of the loose stones of the mountains, but unlike most walls or sheepcotes, carefully secured with mortar, and of great thickness. A more solitary or melancholy scene than this gray ruin, in the midst of wintry desolation of bleak hill tops, could scarcely be imagined; but hither came the old man, and making his way directly to a bulging thickness in the wall, which had probably been the domestic oven, removed some loose stones of considerable size, but the arrangement of which he seemed perfectly to understand, and drew out thence a strong, course canvas bag, which contained money.—Having deliberately counted this over, and ascertained that one hundred and thirteen sovereigns were safe, he took thence one sovereign and a-half, which, having carefully placed in his waistcoat pocket, he returned the larger remainder to the bag, secured it with a strong string, and then dropped it into the large pocket of his under-coat, and buttoning over all his old homespun overcoat, returned to the descending sheep tracks, and in the gathering twilight hastened back towards the ford.

By the time he reached the river, however, night had gathered over the valley, and in the darkness he groped about anxiously for the stepping stones, but in vain, and no friendly and active guide was at hand. His staff sunk deep in the water as he felt about in the gurgling flood. He shouted again and again, but his feeble cry was lost in the thundering roar of the torrent, which, increasing in strength, now dashed and roared fiercely, churning and rolling about the huge stones which lay beneath their current. Deaf as was old Hughes, a portentous, sullen murmur reached even his dull ears. He also knew, from his long life's experience in the valley, the dangerous nature of such a flood. He hastily strained his eyes to catch some straggling light through the darkness, which might cheer him with the knowledge of human aid being at all events somewhere near on firm land. No light, however, met his view; only leafless trees were seen in grim blackness against the night sky, swayed about wildly in the wind, and the dark mass of mountains shutting in the valley. Despair seized the old man as he now remembered that having misled his grand-daughter and Delia Jones in the idea that he was gone to the miller's which was on the other side the water, they would have no uneasiness about him, nor would, therefore, be anxious if he were out for hours, in the idea that he merely remained with a friendly neighbor. Making a desperate effort, he groped about for the stepping stones, and paused with a sudden hope, discovering, as he supposed, the objects of his search. Hastily he placed his feeble feet upon the pieces of rock, and eagerly felt for the second halting place, and his feet the next moment slid from beneath him upon the wet stepping stone. He clutched wildly at the bank, at the rocks, at the brambles; he shouted in last despair, feeling himself borne away by the eddying current. He knew his danger, for few, carried down that wild, impetuous water, churned among rocks, bearing along with it stones of immense weight, and here and there hurled down rugged falls, could escape with life; and seldom a winter passed without some catastrophe of this kind occurring. At first the sudden consciousness of the mortal danger in which he was placed seemed to wake every faculty, and in a wild cry and a desperate struggle for life, his whole being seemed concentrated. Life, life, everything for life! and he thought of Mary, his fireside, his money, and with an agony, and as it were, a fury of strength, he seemed to raise himself in the wild tumult of waters, and the next moment, dashed against a rock or crushed between stones, he knew not which, all his power was gone, and, feeble as a child, and feeling himself, as he was, ninety years old, helplessly borne out to a terrible death, a strange peace seemed to wrap his soul, as in downy feathers: his money, his home, his fields, nay, even Mary, no longer occupied his thoughts; he recalled, nay, he seemed to live in the words, "The waters of the sea had well-nigh covered us, the proud waters had well-nigh gone over our soul. * * Then cried we unto Thee, oh, Lord! and Thou didst deliver us out of our distress." How long this terrible buffeting with death lasted, matters little, for poor old Hughes had no consciousness of time; it might have been only minutes, it might equally have been days and nights.

In the meantime, as the culinary affairs in the Hughes's kitchen came to an end, and the hearth was swept up for the evening, and the old man did not make his appearance, Mary and Delia naturally supposing that he had stopped for a friendly gossip with the miller, felt no uneasiness, till, the evening having closed in with every appearance of a wild, dark night following, Delia proposed to go and bring him back, still supposing him at the mill.

After Delia had been gone some time, Mary began to be uneasy, and now recalled the disquietude and restless manner of the old man during the day. He had muttered so much and so strangely about money as he sat dozing in his chair; he had not seemed right all day, and a thousand fears were conjured by her anxiety, her solitude, the moaning of the wintry wind, and the pitiless roar of the swollen river, as she heard it in the distance hurrying along. No Delia made her appearance, and again and again Mary opened her door and looked out; but all was silent—nobody was stirring. She advanced into the street and looked up and down; it was pitch dark. Hugh Owen's shop was closed; the oil lamp in her own shop window was the only glimmer of light that she could discern. She thought she would leave it open, that it might be a guide to the old man as he came down the street; but when, after another half-hour, he was still not come, and no tidings of Delia, she put up the shutters in very despair, glad to have something to occupy her heart.

It was now past nine, a late hour in that Welsh village and winter season; most people were gone to bed, and Mary was almost out of her mind with anxiety. Something dreadful must have happened, yet she did not dare to leave the house, lest either Delia or the old man himself should return in her absence. Her anxiety was beyond her endurance, and following a sudden impulse, she rushed out past Delia's cottage, and knocked loudly at Hugh Owen's door; she thought nothing of rival shopkeeping, rival religion, nor anything else, but only that if Hugh Owen had the kind, manly heart that she gave him credit for, he would help her at this time. She knocked, and anxious and impatient as she was, very modestly at first, but there was no answer; she did not think he was gone to bed, because Delia, his next neighbor, always informed her that he sat up late; so she knocked louder, still no answer; again and again she knocked, and then, ashamed of knocking longer or louder, rushed back again, to see if anybody was come home. No, still the same silent, expectant hearts.

It was past ten, when Mary, having prayed and read the first chapters of John, and prayed again for help and comfort, the door was suddenly burst open, and in came Delia, looking pale and half scared, followed by Hugh Owen and two other men, bringing in what Mary naturally supposed was the dead body of her grandfather.

But this sorrow was spared her. The old man was not dead.

According to his own account, given feebly but very distinctly the following day, no sooner had that strange, heavenly peace taken possession of his soul, and he knew himself, through the Divine strength able and willing to give up life and all, than a deliverer was at hand. He had been carried down about a mile below his own house, and was approaching the one-arched stone bridge, the foundation of which was laid in immense masses of the native rock, and where the encumbered torrent swept on still more furiously, and probably where his destruction would have been inevitable, had not a human arm with almost superhuman strength and courage, been put forth to snatch him from the jaws of death. He felt that he was saved, and the next moment all consciousness again left him. The strong man, who was Hugh Owen, could give no other account of the whole affair than that as the evening closed in, and he had made up the letter-bag and dispatched it, a strong persuasion took possession of his mind, that he must shut up his shop and walk up the valley, along the river-side, and he did it accordingly, even though the evening was anything but inviting for the walk; and hearing, as it seemed to him, a fearful cry of some kind among the waters, he had rushed forward, following the course of the river, until reaching the bridge, either a sudden break in the clouds, a flash of lightning, or what else he could not say, all at once he saw a human figure going down, and with one plunge forward, his foot firmly rooted on a piece of rock, he snatched at it, with a force and strength which till then he could not have believed any mere human arm possessed, and lifted the old man from the roaring tumult of waters.

Not far from the bridge stood a cottage. Thither he was taken, and there blankets and all necessaries were supplied. Delia, in the meantime, after hastening to the mill and gaining no tidings, met with the very boy who had helped old Hughes that night across the ford. This was a clue to her; he had gone up to the mountains, she doubted not, and on his return had perhaps fallen into some quarry, or might, she supposed, have met with the very disaster which had occurred. Like Hugh Owen, therefore, she pursued the course of the stream, and calling at the cottage almost immediately after the recovery, was there ready to afford every possible assistance. Now, therefore, as life was evidently in the old man, it was thought best to carry him home, and, wrapped in blankets and laid in a cart, he was driven to his own door, and carried in, as Mary feared, a corpse.

The next day a solemn thanksgiving was introduced at the close of the sermon, preached by the Rev. Lloyd Griffiths, in the large Methodist chapel at Carnedd, for the miraculous preservation from death experienced by Brother Hughes the night before; and many were the visitors whom Mary received, but no great dinner was eaten in the cottage that day, the Rev. preachers being satisfied to take that meal in a very quiet and subdued manner; for as yet the old man hovered between life and death. On New Year's Day, however, he was so much better as to request an especial visit from his favorite Bethesda minister, and a dinner was prepared, but on a less extensive scale than on the former occasion. And here it must be remarked that so great in the meantime had been the intercourse between the two shops, that no longer any rivalry seemed to exist, further than which should be the best neighbor to the other. Hugh Owen, therefore, was invited to the New Year's Day dinner, which, as New Year's Day happened to fall on a Sunday, he was happily able to accept.

Very grave and thoughtful, as one rescued from death, had old Hughes remained, and even something beyond that appeared to weigh upon him. The canvas bag containing the money which was found in his pocket to the astonishment of all, had been carefully locked up with his Sunday gaiters and the choice apples in the commode; and when, after some days, Mary mentioned the circumstance, he seemed at first to have forgotten it, the taste, as it were, of death having for the time obliterated all lesser things; then recalling it, he spoke hastily, bidding the Rev. John Evans to be especially invited on a matter as of life and death. Accordingly he came, and preached the New Year's sermon, and singularly enough Hugh Owen that day went to chapel. He a churchman! and walking back with the preacher, both came together to dinner, the Rev. John Evans having, in the first place, smoked a pipe with Hugh, and conceived a very favorable idea of his religious character and his tobacco.

The dinner over, old Hughes, whose bed had been set up in the kitchen, ordered his grand-daughter to bring forth the remarkable bag.—This done, he related, at great length and with much detail, what I must simply tell as briefly as possible.

About sixty-five years before, he and another man then living in Carnedd, had been good friends. Brother never trusted brother more firmly than David Williams trusted him, Owen Hughes. Hughes, however, in an evil hour was tempted; and made use of money for his own purposes, which had been entrusted to him by his friend. His friend fell into difficulties; the money would have saved him; but Hughes could not then refund it. Williams would not prosecute his false friend, and begging of him as an honest man, and as the only means of repairing a great injury, to repay him the money at some future time, left his native land, and emigrated to America. The money had never been repaid; for although the sum had been long made up, Williams was dead, and all means of tracing his descendents were lost; and not only was it made up, but

every year the proper amount of interest was added to it, until this very year it amounted to one hundred and eleven pounds ten shillings. This was a great secret on Hughes's soul; he had kept the money in his hiding place in the mountains for fifteen years, and there its amount had grown year by year. This Christmas, however, with a sort of presentiment that he should not live long, he had resolved to confide the circumstance to his reverend friend, and for that purpose fetched the money down from the hills; deducting from the accumulated sum, thirty shillings which exceeded the required amount, and which in his calculation, he thought might be needful for postage and other expenses in finding out the descendants of the late David Williams, of New Carnedd, New Hampshire, United States.

Such was his narration; and strange as it seemed, no less strange appeared the conduct of Hugh Owen, who was present at its relation. He wept; he was greatly agitated; and no sooner was it ended than he rose without a word, and left the house. Shortly after, however, he returned with a large old Welsh Bible in his hand; and opening it at the fly leaf before the New Testament, and slapping down his large hand upon it, he nodded, first to the old man in his bed, and then to the Rev. John Evans, without a word; and sat down again. Whereupon the Rev. John Evans read to the unspeakable astonishment of all, a family register of births, marriages, and deaths of two generations; beginning with David Williams, of Carnedd, Caernarvonshire, son of William Davies, and ending with his death at New Carnedd, Ohio, whither he had removed after only two years residence in New Hampshire, and by which it was evident that the new transatlantic Carnedd must have been a very unhealthy place, for all were dead of two generations, saving Hugh Owen, the son of Williams's second daughter Jane; this same Hugh Owen, having, from some unaccountable yearning in his heart, returned to the old country of which he knew nothing, five years before; and with the product of the sale of New Carnedd, opened the little shop in Old Carnedd, and thus became the rival of Owen Hughes.

"It is a true proverb," exclaimed Delia, who, of course, was now more frequently than ever at little Mary's, and who was present at this strange discovery, "it is a true proverb, that marriages are made in heaven!"

Her exclamation must certainly have been very much to the point, for Mary and Hugh Owen immediately looked at each other; and strange to say, so did the Rev. John Evans and Delia Jones; and as sure as what I am telling is the truth, these two couples were married in the spring; and the Methodist connection received two good, staunch new members.

Delia is now mistress of a very good shop at Bethesda, setting her husband quite at liberty to attend to his ministerial duties, for she is all sufficient for any business, and no letters are so well and carefully stamped as those which leave Bethesda, except it be those of Carnedd, which are entirely under the care of little Mary, whose sole business now is that of post-mistress of Carnedd, the good Hugh Owen taking upon himself all other concerns.

One other word, and I have done. Delia's pony still lives, and long may he live! for he is especially the preacher's pony.—Delia dedicated him to the service when she married John Evans; and now, whoever preaches within a circuit of fifteen miles round Bethesda, no longer walks. He is in beautiful condition, for the service seems to suit him.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"Ship Ahoy;" "To Florence;" "The Red Wine;" "The Past and Future;" "To A.;" "Imogene;" "The Soldier's Music;" "Nemona;" "Love's Labor Won."

C. B. Washington. Received.—We know of no book or paper that contains the poem—unless it is in Mr. Dana's recent compilation.

A CONSTANT READER. The Androides were confessedly triumphs of mechanical ingenuity. We think their inventor never made a higher claim for them. We do not know where a good account of them may be found, the work in which we once read of them being now out of print.

☞ The "*Daily Press*," of this city, in speaking of, or rather to, a contemporary, says:—

Remove all these articles, and still there is a great deal—we might say, if it were grammatical, a very great deal—of good, honest, original matter in your paper.

Why is it not grammatical to say "a very great deal," Mr. "*Press*?" "Deal," in this connection, means simply part or portion, and why not say a *very* great portion, as well as a great portion?

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
	Grace Greenwood.
	Florence Percy.
T. S. Arthur.	Martha Russell.
Emma Alice Browne. Author of "Letters from Paris."	Author of "My Last Cruise," &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCH, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c.,—giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, *who write expressly for our columns*, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that MR. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

THREE STORIES by MARY HOWITT.
A NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.
"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A Series. By GRACE GREENWOOD.
LETTERS FROM PARIS. A Series. By ——.
POEMS from FLORENCE PERCY.
POEMS from EMMA ALICE BROWNE, &c., &c., &c.

In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of Literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

A FOOLISH PRACTICE.

The "Boston Transcript" gives a word of advice to certain persons who have acquired a habit of scribbling their sage opinions of authors and sentiments, upon the title-pages and margins of books belonging to their friends or to public libraries. As this practice is not confined, by any manner of means, to Boston, a word of advice to the same scribbling fraternity in this city, may not be wasted. We may say, therefore, that to scribble your opinion of an author or a passage in any book save one belonging to you, is a piece of gross impertinence. No man or company of men regard such scribblings with the least degree of admiration or favor. And as no sensible person is ever caught at such tricks in other people's volumes, those who are guilty of them generally succeed in nothing further than writing themselves down as donkeys.

Of the scribblings in the books belonging to the public libraries of Boston, the *Transcript* gives the following specimens:—

In a volume of Carlyle's Essays, from the Mercantile Library, now before us, one critic pronounces it "humbug," and another says, "too hard work to read this book;" while the pages of the same volume are enriched by a long marginal disquisition upon the German mind—the style being modelled upon that of Carlyle, but exhibiting "the contortions of the sybil, without her inspiration." We remember to have seen a volume of Macaulay's Essays, with the gratifying mark appended, of "pretty fair"—a commendation which would, perhaps, be encouraging to the baron, as coming from an American source. Washington Irving is endorsed on the fly-leaf as "tip-top" and Dickens as "first-rate."

The comments pencilled in books from the Athenæum and Public Libraries are generally of a different character. The anonymous critics signify their approval or dislike of the text in copious marginal notes, or by means of cabalistic characters supposed to express various degrees of assent or disagreement. Sometimes a passage of poetry will have "How beautiful!" written in a feminine hand in the margin, or a proposition will be flanked by "True," or "Right," or "Doubtful." A favorite mode of expression is by means of underlining or of perpendicular marks against such passages as strike the reader as being particularly true, brilliant or startling. This practice, in particular, seems to be increasing to a deplorable extent.

As to one's own books, of course the practice of scribbling may be carried to any extent. But even in this case, we would counsel sensible men and women to observe a degree of caution. As the taste and the judgment ripen, the verdicts upon passages and authors often change greatly. And, for this reason, the man of forty may feel his face flush at looking over a book containing in pompous marginal notes the taste and judgment of twenty years before. He may even be disposed sometimes to cry out, "Could I ever have been such a fool!" And the thought that his silly marginal notes will appear against him so long as said volume remains in a readable condition, almost tempts him sometimes to try the purifying and effacing effects of fire—that good genius who wipes away the ugly traces of so much bad genius. Therefore, if you be under forty, beware how you deface your books—and if you be over forty, you ought to have sense enough by that time not to deface them at all.

A SINGULAR DIVISION.—The Hon. H. L. Ellsworth, of Hartford, makes a singular division of his property of about $800,000—dividing about one-eighth of it, $100,000, between his son, the heirs of another son, his daughter, and his wife; and devising the rest, or $700,000, to Yale College. A "philanthropic" old gentleman, doubtless—and his praise perhaps will be in all the papers. But as we cannot understand the reason or justice of such a will, the Post will leave the task of eulogy to that lucky corporation, Yale College.

☞ Much to our surprise, we have not yet seen the first joke in the newspapers relative to the British Government's sending *Lyons* to represent the British lion at Washington.

THE GREAT CITIES.

The wealth of the two great centres, Boston and New York, amounts to eight hundred millions of dollars—New York having $525,000,000: Boston, $275,000,000, or a little more than one-half that of New York. The property of Boston is one hundred millions more than that of the city of Philadelphia, and nearly three times that of Baltimore. It is said that Boston has more property, *per capita*, than any other city in the world.

As the above is going the rounds of the press, we may simply observe that, so far as Philadelphia is alluded to, it is incorrect. The error consists in the fact, frequently mentioned heretofore in this and other Philadelphia papers, that real estate is systematically assessed in this city far below its real value, while personal property, in probably three cases out of four, is not assessed at all. We know properties in this city, at the present time, which could be sold at public sale for three times their assessed value—while scarcely a property is assessed at a greater rate than two-thirds of its value. In New York and Boston—and especially in the latter city, if we are rightly informed—real estate is rated at about its real value, and personal property is very generally assessed. Any comparison of the wealth of the three cities which does not take their mode and thoroughness of assessment into consideration, is therefore utterly unreliable.

A TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN PROWESS.—The mere report that an Irish-American regiment—or *company*, which is it?—was about to visit Ireland, seems to have struck the English governors of that "*grave* isle of the *sea*" with unwonted consternation. Arrests of "secret conspirators" and other dangerous characters are being made; and we should not be surprised if, by this time, a man had been stationed on the top of the highest tree in Galway, to report the first appearance of any "long, low, rakish-looking schooner," which may be supposed to contain the redoubtable filibusters.—We impute this alarm almost entirely to the standing portrait of an American citizen, as given by the *London Punch*—a ferocious looking being, with an unnumbered quantity of revolvers and bowie knives stuck in his belt. An apprehended inroad of a company—much more a regiment—of such desperate-looking creatures, is enough to startle our English cousins from their accustomed equanimity. They will be even more startled, when they learn that the motto of the filibusters in question, is said to be the following venerable but ferocious rhyme, done into native Irish, which, as it may be imagined, does not improve its sound:—

"Fee, faw, fo, fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishmun!
Dead or alive I will have some!"

It is supposed that one object of the appointment of a new English Minister to this country, is to prevent, if possible, the sailing of this much-feared expedition—or, at least, to induce its leaders to alter their motto.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT WASHINGTON.—It apears that the Society for the erection of this monument was organized in 1833—that the Corner Stone was laid in 1848—and that after seven years, by 1855, 170 feet were erected, at a cost of about $230,000. How much higher it has grown in the three years since, we know not—but we believe very little. According to the plan, the shaft is to be 517 feet high, which will cost some $322,000 more. The pantheon, at the base, is estimated to cost about $180,000 in addition—making $500,000 which is required to complete the monument according to the original design.

It would appear therefore that, in twenty-five years, one-third of the money has been raised, and almost one-third of the monument erected. At the same rate of progression, it would take fifty to seventy-five years more to complete it. But the original stock of "patriotism" having been exhausted, nothing at all is now doing in the "patriotic" line, in that direction. And, as a consequence, the probability is that the monument will never be finished, and that, some five hundred years hence, it will be looked upon by learned antiquarians, as even a finer relic of the ancient visits of the Norsemen to this country, than the old stone mill at Newport.

A STERN SACRIFICE TO A SENSE OF DUTY.—The "serious minded" publishers of the "*Journal of Civilization*," in giving a portrait of "Emma Livry, the new danseuse," in the usual fig-leaf attire of her profession, say:—

Though the ballet is an institution with which *serious-minded persons should have as little to do as possible; though few good things grow out of it, or are connected with it in any way, it is not allowable for a newspaper to ignore its celebrities*; and we *therefore* make room for the portrait of a dancer who seems destined to fill the place occupied by Cerito, Taglioni, and Fanny Elsler.

What sacrifices certain "serious minded" editors in this country, are continually compelled to make by a sense of their duty as journalists. The sacrifice above referred to, is only equalled by that of the *Tribune* in recording, in six columns, all the minutiæ of a recent disgraceful prize-fight. It pains these "serious minded persons" doubtless to the very core—but then they cannot allow a few twinges of conscience, more or less, to interfere with their duty to the *public*, and the sales of their papers.

CAPITAL AND METROPOLIS.—Mayor Tieman, of New York, in a recent address to Hon. Jas. L. Orr, of S. C., said:—

"I am glad to be the happy medium of the Common Council in offering to you the hospitalities of the city of New York, which is not only the capital of the State, but the metropolis of the whole Union."

The Mayor of New York city *ought* to know—but we had thought that *Albany* was the capital of the State of New York. New York city is the *metropolis* of the State of New York, being the largest and most important city—as Philadelphia is the metropolis of Pennsylvania, and Cincinnati the *metropolis* of Ohio.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—The attention of our country readers is called to the Report on the Chinese Sugar Cane, recently made to the Philadelphia Society for the Promotion of Agriculture. The Society does not seem to concur with Mr. Gowen in his unfavorable opinions of the cane.

COMPLIMENTARY.

Perhaps it will do no harm to cull a few passages from recent letters, respecting THE POST. Thus "our old friend and well-wisher," Mr. A. N. S., of Marietta, Georgia, says:—

I advocate and take your paper because of its chaste and unexceptionable language—its entertaining pieces and reliable news—and more particularly, because I can let my children read it, without the slightest doubt that there is an article or a word in its columns to contaminate or corrupt their morals. There are publications afloat in the country called "family papers," which are unfit to enter the sacred precincts of any household, because of their pernicious influence. But so long as the Post comes robed in the garb of innocence and purity, it is welcome to our firesides, to give them cheer, and make our leisure moments pleasant and happy.

Mr. W. E. D., of Hamilton, Ohio, who sends us a club of twenty, "thinks he can add a few more," and writes:—

I consider your paper as the best family journal printed in the United States, so wish you all success.

Mr. J. R. W., of Pittsburg, Iowa, says:—

In view of my own comfort and enjoyment, and my duty to my family, I have concluded not to cease taking the Post so long as I have bread to feed my children.

Dr. S. S. F., of Broadway, New York City, says:—

My opinion of the Post is, that if all the weeklies of Boston and New York were offered me at two dollars a year, and the Post at two dollars a year, I would unhesitatingly take the Post in preference to them all.

[In answer to a question of Dr. F.'s relative to a certain deceased weekly, we may say that we think the cause he refers to was the true cause of its death.]

Mr. S. H. J., of Phillipsburg, Ohio, says:—

My family would rather miss their turkeys during holidays, than miss one number of the Post. I would rather a daughter of mine should read the Post from eight years old till eighteen, than to be a graduate at the best boarding-school in the land.

Mr. W. G. B., of Chestnut Grove, Ky., says:

I think yours is the best paper I ever saw. I also think that the letters from Paris are worth the two dollars. Religio Christi is also worth two dollars. Glances at My Present Cruise is also worth two dollars—so you see, sirs, what a bargain I have of you.

Mrs. O. H. S., of Kewanee, Ill., says:—

The hard times pinch and contract the *pocket*, but as long as the SATURDAY EVENING POST occupies a prominent place in a family, the *intellect* must expand, despite the pocket.

But "enough is as good as a feast," the proverb says—and we think that the above will satisfy those of our readers who think most highly of THE POST, that they are not alone in their good opinion.

☞ The editor of the Lockport (N. Y.) Journal has been informed by the inventor, that paper made from bass wood is a decided success, and that the delay in its manufacture is only caused by difficulties among parties in some way interested.

Bass paper—*base* paper!—that seems to us just the thing for certain journals we know of, to be printed on.

New Publications.

THE LECTURES AND ADDRESSES OF THE LATE REV. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M. A., (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) are even more admirable than the admirable sermons by which this noble English minister is known to the public. Those who have read in a former volume of his works the brief memoir of this great-hearted and clear-minded man, will remember the touching tribute to his worth paid by the working-men of the English town of Brighton, who, when he died, followed his hearse to the grave in vast numbers, marching through streets whose shops and dwellings their fellow-townsman had closed and draped in mourning. It was before an Institute of the same working-men who gave to his memory this offering of love and sorrow—one of the greatest ever bestowed upon a not purely public man—that these lectures were delivered. They show everywhere the high literary excellence, the fine mentality and the noble character which are graven in lines of grace and glow in colors of beauty in the sermons. A generous indignation at cant and intolerance, a cordial and genuine democracy, and a frank recognition of the tendencies and spirit of the age, dignify and ennoble these productions; while in several of them—such as the lectures on Wordsworth and on the Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes—there is displayed a literary criticism as fine and appreciative as it is discriminating and judicious, and a rare power of making the writer's own thought bright and clear to the most ordinary reader, without in the least degree diminishing or vulgarizing it. With all this, a certain princely intrepidity—a high soldier-spirit of gallantry and generosity—breathes through the thought like an undertone of martial music, pierced at times by some exulting trumpet-note, which sends a proud thrill through the veins, and quickens the pulses. The reader will not often find a volume from which he can get more good than this.

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN, by SIR WALTER SCOTT, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) one of the best of the Waverley novels, has made its appearance in the exquisite household edition we have so often praised. We remember from boyhood the adventure of the dauntless Englishman, Phillipson, let down in his bed at midnight through the trap door to be confronted with the terrible tribunal of the Holy Vehme,—and recurring to these pages we found the romantic incident had its old charm for us, unabated, and nowhere had the work lost its absorbing interest and beauty. As we found so will our readers find. Not often in these days do we come upon stories so *real* as Sir Walter's.

DORA DEANE, OR THE EAST INDIA UNCLE: and MAGGIE MILLER, OR OLD HAGAR'S SECRET. By MRS. MARY J. HOLMES. C. M. Saxton, New York.

POPE OR PRESIDENT, OR ROMANISM AS REVEALED BY ITS OWN WRITERS. R. L. Delisser, New York.

THE POEMS OF MRS. KEMBLE, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) after we know not how many years, are again published in a volume which also includes about ninety pages of new poetry. Between the earlier and later compositions there is not so much difference as one might expect. There is very nearly an equality of excellence, and the defects of one period seem as obvious in the other. The volume is in a great measure autobiographical, and here and there, we think, lacks reticence. At least, the veils which poets usually hang over the images of personal experience they give to the world, are thinner and more transparent here than ordinarily. We suppose that many persons already know the great power and beauty of Mrs. Kemble's poetry. There are poems here which no thoughtful person can read without pain—poems which show the struggle and convulsion of a strong spirit, blind, undisciplined, unilluminated, engaged in frantic and unavailing war with its destinies—poems swept by tornadoes of tempestuous and passionate feeling, or opening to the mind black, illimitable wastes of misery and despair. But there are also poems which image the beauty and majesty of nature as a summer lake mirrors a rich landscape, and songs of joy and hope and love as manifold and sweet in melody and delicate fancy as the songs of Ariel sailing above the Enchanted Isle. Here, too, are strains with the true, jubilant, deep Elizabethan ring—"lofty, insolent and passionate" as if flung forth from the high heart of Raleigh—and sonnets fit to bind up with Sidney's for immortality. The lines on "Morning by the Seaside" are Shakspearean in their rich antique imagery, their robust delight in nature, and the strength and freedom of their exultant flow. And see how amply and justly the poet can estimate the master:

TO SHAKSPEARE.

If from the height of that celestial sphere
Where now thou dwell'st, spirit powerful and sweet!
Thou yet canst love the race that sojourn here,
How must thou joy with pleasure not unmeet
For thy exalted state, to know how dear
Thy memory is held throughout the earth
Beyond the favored land that gave thee birth.
Even in thy seat in Heaven, thou mayst receive
Thanks, praise, and love, and wonder ever new,
From human hearts who in thy verse perceive
All that humanity calls good and true;
Nor dost thou for each mortal blemish grieve,
They from thy glorious works have fallen away,
As from thy soul its outward form of clay.

There are other lines to Shakspeare in the same lofty key. Had we room we might quote the exquisite "Noonday by the Seaside"—wonderfully descriptive, and tinctured with a feeling more beautiful than the scenery it describes. A sonnet "On Hearing a Symphony of Beethoven" is wierdly grand, and we greatly admire some of the vigorous and majestic lines on Rome. But to specify the admirable poems would be a work of some extent, and we pause here, leaving the reader to seek them out for himself.

WILLIE WINKIE'S NURSERY SONGS OF SCOTLAND, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) were written some years ago by Ballantyne, William Ferguson, and others, for the children of Scotland. We have them now, adapted for American children by Mrs. Silsbee, in one of the prettiest books imaginable—red covers, red edges, cream-tinted paper, black antique type, and ornamental margins to the pages. The songs are genuine nursery jingles, such as children love to chant singly or in chorus, and such as mothers love to sing or say to children. Unlike the rhymes of dear old wicked Mother Goose, these, with enough eccentricity to make them catch the fancy, are yet full of goodness and beauty.

WILD SPORTS IN THE FAR WEST, by FREDERICK GERSTAECKER, (Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston,) is a book sportsmen will enjoy, and, indeed, plenty of people who are not sportsmen. The author, a German, was for years a farmer and hunter in the backwoods, and chased, and was chased by, the bears, the panthers, the wolves, and the alligators of our free and happy country. His adventurous story is very graphically and spiritedly told, and the whole book gives a very vivid idea of rough life in the wild Western settlements.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY, by THOMAS BULFINCH, (Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston,) gives the splendid legends of King Arthur and his knights, which have furnished themes for romantic poetry to Ariosto, Spenser, Scott, Tennyson, Lowell, and many other poets. Better read them in this volume, if entertainment be the object, than wade through the wearisome chronicles compiled by Sir Thomas Malory. Some of the Welsh legends are included in this book, which is blazoned with gaudy colored engravings—rudely done, but suggestive.

MAJOR THORP'S SCENES IN ARKANSAW, (T. B. Peterson, Phila.,) is a collection of droll extravaganzas and tremendous "fish stories," illustrated by Darley.

NOTES FROM PLYMOUTH PULPIT, by AUGUSTA MOORE (Derby & Jackson, New York,) are recollections of things said in sermons by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

CHRISTMAS HOURS, by THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOMEWARD PATH." Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

CRINOLINE.

Behold yon splendid and resplendent round
Of whale-bone, covering ten square feet of ground;
As down the street the dry-goods phantom swims,
(As some gay galleon o'er the billows skims,)
How grandly on her sweeping course she goes,
Turning aside for neither friends nor foes!
Who would not brave the deepest mud on earth,
To give those hoops the widest kind of berth!

☞ A young physician, a recent graduate, was asked why he had not gone to see his father, who had just died. The father lived in Indiana, the son in Virginia. He replied that "the immense torridity of the circumambient atmosphere had, by its condensation, so diluted the placid aqueous fluid of the enormous river Ohio, that, with the most superlative reluctance, I had to procrastinate a premeditated egress into the palatinate province, until the morbid excitement of the pericranium had extinguished the vital spark."

☞ Lawyer W., while entering his cold bed in a cold winter night, exclaimed, "Of all ways of getting a living, the worst a man could follow, would be going about town in such nights as this, and *getting into bed for folks*."

NEWS ITEMS.

HON. S. A. DOUGLAS has been re-elected U. S. Senator from Illinois. Douglas 54, Lincoln 46.

DR. BECK, of Dantzic, has just made a curious discovery. He has found an antidote, or rather a counter-poison for ardent spirits. It is a mineral paste, which he encloses in an olive, and which at once absorbed, destroys not only the rising effect, but likewise the disastrous consequences of drunkenness. He tried several experiments upon a Pole, an irreclaimable drunkard. The individual, named Radevil, swallowed three bottles of brandy in succession, and after each bottle ate an olive prepared by the doctor. He experienced neither the effect of drunkenness nor the slightest sickness.

M. BALLOCH, a Hungarian, asserts that he has managed to square the circle, and he has just sent copies of his work on the subject, which contains numerous diagrams, to the Academy of Science in Vienna and Paris, and to the heads of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford.

In the window of the library, No. 212, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, there has lately been exhibited an engraved portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens, with a beard *a la imperiale*, sitting at a desk in a thoughtful position, and writing. The police entered the shop the other day and told the proprietor in very angry terms to take the engraving out of the window. They mistook Mr. Dickens's portrait for a caricature of the Emperor.

THE death of the only son of Mr. Hope Scott, Q. C., is announced. This interesting child was the only living male descendant of his illustrious great grandfather, Sir Walter Scott, whose name he bore. He was only a year and a-half old, and has survived his mother, the poet's grand-daughter, little more than six weeks. An infant sister died a fortnight ago. Only one little girl remains to bear the great name of which she is the sole surviving representative.

It is stated that Spain is about sending a proposal to this country, to buy Key West of us. We suppose it is "a Roland for an Oliver."

THE London Times correspondent says:—"The nobles of Russia are by no means inclined to emancipate their serfs without receiving full indemnification, and they do not attempt to conceal from the imperial authorities their disinclination to obey the instruction which they received from his Majesty."

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Jan 4.—Judge Waklo this evening granted the application of Mary A. Bennett for a divorce from Dr. George Bennett, and assigned to her custody the children, three in number, with the sum of $4,000 alimony, to be paid within sixty days. The Judge was very severe upon Dr. Bennett and some of his witnesses.

COST OF LIGHT.—A chemist has been experimenting with the photometer, to ascertain the cost of a given quantity of light. He finds common gas, *napthalized*, to be the cheapest; common gas, in its simple state, costs one-third more, when sold at $3,50 per 1,000 feet. Kreosene oil costs 26 per cent. more than plain gas, sperm oil 24 per cent. more, lard oil 44 per cent. more, and burning fluid 47 per cent. more.

CURIOUS 1783.—A correspondent of the Washington (D. C.) Star, sends that paper an item from a London journal of May 9th, 1783:—"Yesterday, at the Chess Club in St. James street, Mr. Philidor performed one of those wonderful exhibitions for which he is so much celebrated. He played at the same time three different games, without seeing either of the tables. To those who understand chess, this exertion of Mr. Philidor's abilities will appear one of the greatest of which the human memory is capable." What would the London journalist think of the performance of Morphy or Paulson at the present day?

MR. PHILIP FAYE, of Salem, Mass., returned home a few days since, after a mysterious absence of *thirty-two* years, having left when he was sixteen years old. He has been out West to seek his fortune. His father having been blessed with *twenty* children, Philip doubtless thought he could be spared—without being missed.

MRS. LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, who publishes The Sybil, a "Dress Reform" periodical, at Middletown, N. Y., is discussing the question whether a married woman should relinquish her maiden name. She says that she and her husband agreed to give her name the preference, but she doesn't "care so much as the wave of a straw" whether she is called Sayer or Sayer Hasbrouck. "Sayer we consider an individual name," she adds, "and Sayer-Hasbrouck merely implies that we have entered into partnership with another individual."

THE steamer Vanderbilt was recently so injured in Long Island Sound as to be a total loss. The passengers and most of the freight were landed. Loss about $100,000. No insurance.

A JERSEY PRODUCT.—Mr. Smith Sutton, of Kingwood, in Hunterdon county, sold a turkey in New York last week, for the nice little sum of *one hundred dollars*. It weighed, when dressed, *forty pounds*. We should like to hear of a larger one trotted out in any section of country.—*Flemington Republican*.

CAMELS A NUISANCE.—The City Councils of Galveston, Texas, have passed an ordinance forbidding the bringing of camels into the city limits, except for purposes of immediate shipment.

THE Portsmouth (Ohio) Tribune says that as the wife of Mr. John M. Brown, a music teacher, with a baby seventeen months old, was retiring from the Music Hall, at Portsmouth, on Saturday evening, after attending a concert, she was pushed over the railing of the staircase by the crowd, and fell a distance of fifteen feet, with her infant in her arms. Strange to say, neither mother nor child was injured.

MARRIAGE WITH A PROTEST.—One Miss Harriet Greene, and Bryan J. Butts were married at Hopedale a day or two since. On being united they entered a protest containing six sections, to which they object, 1st, to "marriage in the dark," meaning one without an acquaintance of temperament or character; 2d, the annihilation of woman's personality; 3d, the control, by herself of the wife's "person, property, children, place of residence," &c.; 4th, the authority of legal and ecclesiastical obligations; 5th, protests against the "idea that marriage and cohabitation are inseparable;" 6th, opposes a union of mere lust, and commends a "divine" affinity, which shall extend through earth into heaven.

THE best joke of the season, is that of the British Governor, at Honduras, who persisted that the passengers of the filibuster craft "Susan," were "citizens of a friendly nation, and therefore entitled to kind conveyance to the United States."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Hamilton (Canada) Spectator says, if a railroad should be built through the British dominions, to the Pacific, it would cost £50,000,000, and for six months of the year the track would be covered with snow, and with water for another four months.

A LETTER in the Baltimore American states that Gen. Scott has, among other objects in going to New Orleans, a personal conference with Gen. Twiggs, as to the force that might be detached from his and another department, for the purpose of the military occupation of Sonora and Chihuahua, according to the recommendation of the President's message.

AN ingenious downeaster has constructed a miniature factory village, with engines, wheels, wind mills, carriages, *water falls*, persons walking, playing, singing, &c., and the whole so delicately arranged and so nicely adjusted as to be put in complete operation by a single mouse which travels in a small circular cage, as squirrels are often seen doing.

THE recent reported filibuster movements in Honduras, and the story relative to a fusion of the filibusters with the people of Honduras, prove to be entirely without foundation.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FROM ONE EXTREME TO THE OTHER—THE FLAG AT THE TUILERIES—SKILL OF FRENCH GARDENERS—A VISIT TO MRS. BURTON'S—AN IMPERIAL REBUKE—AN INCIDENT OF PRIVATE LIFE IN RUSSIA—A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

Paris, December 9, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

"It never rains but it pours," says a Saxon proverb, which has its equivalent in all tongues and in all experience: and the rivers of Europe are affording a striking exemplification of its truth. After the long drought of last summer, the windows of heaven seem to be pouring down the accumulated waters that have been so long held back; and nearly every country is menaced with inundations of the most serious character, the most formidable freshets occurring just now in the rivers of Spain, and laying vast tracts under water on both sides of the principal streams. In France, the temper of whose rivers is almost as susceptible and excitable as that of its people, great uneasiness is felt at the ominous rising of the waters; men's minds being filled with anxious reminiscences of the past.

For the last few days the Imperial flag has been floating from the roof of the Tuileries; the Emperor and Empress having returned to Paris on Saturday last, entering the city amidst a great concourse of people, who lined the Boulevards, and cheered the gay *cortege* as it drove past, and a great display of soldiers lining the streets from the railway station to the doors of the palace. Next morning, the Emperor, who is a very early riser, visited the gardens, to judge of their effect as now transmogrified. The portion next the palace is, in fact, quite a new affair, not an inch of its surface being left as it was before. Yet so skillfully have all the appliances of modern gardening been brought into play in these changes, that the sheets of turfy grass, the beds of flowers, and clumps of shrubbery and trees, really look as though they had been there for twenty years past.—French skill and ingenuity in all matters of arrangement and adornment, are indeed most exquisite; no other people are to be compared with them in this pleasant department of the world's labors. The new bridge over the Seine, necessitated by the changes in the palace-gardens, and called for also by the growing wants of the city, is coming on rapidly; the great buttresses of white freestone already throwing their long shadows upon the water, and promising soon to be ready for the completion of the new thoroughfare. In their own shambling, lazy-looking way of working, French *ouvriers* certainly contrive to push on their tasks with very creditable promptitude.

Speaking of *taste*—a quality in which this lively people is so pre-eminently gifted—reminds me that there is here one Englishwoman, at any rate, who, in point of taste, is fully equal to any of her French rivals in this luxurious capital, viz.: Mrs. Burton, so well known to many of your fair countrywomen, as a dealer in lace, embroidery, and all the elegancies of the aristocratic toilet, of which the daughters of Republican America are confessedly more ardent votaries than their sisters of the Old World. The richest things being prepared just now by Mrs. Burton are, in fact, for some of your fair townswomen, for whose adornment and that of their children, several immense cases are being packed with the most expensive luxuries in the way of bonnets, dresses, mantles, collars and sleeves, and under clothing as rich as the objects destined to be envied by the "dear five hundred" whom they are meant to dazzle. What will the more "homely" of your readers think of *trousseaux* including dozens of chemises which are mere tissues of gossamer, just substantial enough to take the quantities of exquisite embroidery and lace which are lavished upon them? In one of these wonderful cases is an outfit for a mite of a girl of two years old; the style and price of the little frocks—mere lace and embroidery—may be inferred from the price of the underclothing, among which figure tiny chemises, embroidered wherever embroidery can be stuck, bordered with the costliest lace, insertions of the same being ingeniously introduced among the embroideries to the tune of twenty dollars each, accompanied by microscopic drawers, to match these little fairy-like chemises, and at a similar price; being all that taste and ingenuity could possibly invent in this particular line. Of the tiny flannel petticoats, stiff with silk embroidery, the cloaks and other items of this outfit—all so small that you can't look at them without laughing, and whose making-up has been a source of great amusement to the young workwomen of the establishment, who say "it's like making doll's clothes," and seem to regard the fabrication of "such lovely, tiny little things," something in the light of a frolic—who shall speak? The outfit in question is less complete and extensive than that which was prepared for the advent of the little Prince Imperial, but the items of which it is composed are just as rich and elaborate as those prepared to be "kicked through" by the heir-apparent of the French Empire, and some of the articles are even more tasteful than those which were got ready for the little Prince—a fact not surprising, since Mrs. Burton is known to be possessed of a taste and judgment which render her a perfect authority in all matters of the toilette. It was she who supplied Queen Victoria with all the lace purchased by her Majesty for the wedding of the Princess Royal; and such was the perfection of the lace shawls, veils, collars and sleeves, &c.,—mostly of her own designing—which Mrs. Burton took to Windsor for the royal inspection and choice, that the Queen told her they were the most beautiful she had ever seen.

But it is impossible to visit Mrs. Burton's rooms, and inspect the marvels of elegance she is perpetually inventing for her customers, without being pretty equally "divided" between admiration of the artistic grace and beauty thus imparted to the various articles of the feminine and infantine toilet, and regret that such exquisite talent and inspiration should be bestowed on a department of life, which, however important in its own way, and legitimately entitled to a reasonable amount of beautification, is surely not worthy to absorb such a vast total of thought, labor, and expense, to say nothing of the habits of personal inactivity, the sacrifice of usefulness to show, the fettering of the energies which might have been expended on social and personal improvement, and the proportionate diminution of the power of aiding their less fortunate fellow-beings, which almost necessarily follow the adoption of the delicate and elaborate style of clothing so dear to the hearts of modern women. Who shall say how much of the wide-spread corruption, the diseases, the sorrows of our day, of the extreme and morbid development of the nervous system at the expense of the rest of the organization, which constitutes so menacing a symptom in the general *status* of the present generation of women, and which must tell most unfavorably on the health of coming generations of both sexes, may not be referable to the undue luxury of the toilet which is so apt to fill the minds of the very women whose intelligence and position should make them the leaders in every good and noble work, too often absorbing their time, money, and thoughts, and inducing habits of vanity, unworthy rivalry and frivolity. To be beautiful is undoubtedly as especially the duty and glory of womanhood as of flowers; but does not the most gorgeous flower fail to satisfy our sense of the Beautiful if it yield no perfume and produce no fruit? And should not the action of the mothers, the sisters, and daughters of our race tend especially to the beautifying (in the highest sense of that word) of every sphere and relation of life, thus raising the actors, objects, and interests, of the great drama of human existence over nearer to that ideal standard of Beauty which we instinctively believe to be one with Goodness at the Divine Centre of the universe, of which we know so little, and are not likely to know much more if we are to weaken our bodies by converting them into mere animated frames for the display of silks and embroideries, and narrow our minds by devoting them to the service, conservation, and display of luxurious clothing?

But I fear my pen is following in the wake of the "preachers in the desert;" and so break off "a yarn" of regretful suggestion that will, too probably, be little heeded by your lady-readers, by recalling the rebuke just bestowed by the Empress Maria, of Russia, on the vanity of one of her recent guests. It seems that an *employe* of inferior rank in the Russian government was recently invited, with his wife, by the Emperor, to spend a few days at Court. The wife, brimful of pride at the unlooked-for honor, and dying to make an appearance above her rank, actually pledged her husband's salary for three years ahead, in order to supply herself with an outfit for this visit. Thanks to this desperate expedient, the silly woman was able to appear in three new dresses per day, during her stay at Court. The story of her folly, however, leaked out among the wealthier courtiers, and reached the ears of the Empress, who determined to give her a lesson thereupon. Accordingly, just before the vain-glorious creature took her leave, the Empress remarked to her, "How very unfortunate you seem to be, madame, in the choice of your dressmaker; for I take it for granted that none of your gowns are to your mind, or you would not be obliged to change them so often!"

A curious story, illustrative of life in Russia, has just found its way hither from St. Petersburg. It seems that Prince Leon Kotchoubey, of a rich and ancient family, but of imperious temper, had long employed as his land-agent an Austrian named Saltzmann. About a year ago, when they were alone in the Prince's cabinet, a warm discussion arose about some accounts. A pistol-shot was heard, and some of the household rushing in, the Prince accused Saltzmann, who was wounded in the side, of having fired the pistol at himself, in a spirit of revenge, in order to fasten the crime upon him. The agent, on the other hand, asserted that the Prince had fired at him in a fit of rage. The medical men who were called in declared that the wound could not have been produced by the man's own act. The case came before a police tribunal, presided over by General Pool. The influence brought to bear on the Court led to a declaration that the Prince was innocent, and the unfortunate agent, found guilty of wounding himself, was thrown into prison. The sentence, in due time, was confirmed by the Governor of St. Petersburg, and the affair seemed to be at an end. But the agent's wife was a woman of energy, perfectly convinced of the wrong done to her husband, and she went about from door to door, with her four children, imploring everybody to aid her in obtaining justice. The authorities, however, soon interfered, and she was thrown into prison; her children being left to the charity of any one who would have pity on them. Public rumor at length brought this deplorable history to the ears of the present Emperor, who has caused an inquiry to be instituted into the matter by the Senate, and no one doubts the result of their sentence. It is said that the conclusions arrived at by this body will be found to be as follows:—1st. Saltzmann, having been unjustly condemned, has a right to fix the indemnity which the Prince shall pay him. 2dly. The Governor who confirmed the sentence cannot be reached in his person, since he is dead, but his memory shall be branded with reprobation; and, thirdly, General Pool, and his two assistants, shall be brought to trial for their injustice in the matter.

A recent number of the *Moniteur* contains a report addressed to Prince Napoleon, the new Minister of Algeria, by M. Reuier, of the French Institute, giving an account of an ancient Roman tariff recently discovered in the ruins of Lral,—the Roman Colonia Julia Zarai—in Algeria. The tariff is engraved on a tablet of stone, bearing the date of Septemus Severus, in the 202d year of the Christian era. An impression of this tablet, taken in oil-paper, by an Italian mason, has been transmitted to Paris, and though some portions are obliterated, the greater portion of this old document is perfectly legible. It opens thus:—"The Emperors and Cæsars, Lucius Septemus Severus and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Pious and August, being Consuls, the following customs and regulations are established after the departure of the cohort. It then specifies, in various divisions, and item by item, the duties to be levied on various objects. In the first division, entitled, "Duties to be paid per head" are the following:—A hare, 1½ denarii, (this coin was worth 16 cents); a horse or mare 1½; a pig, sucking pig, or goat, indistinct; and a note says that animals destined for the market are exempt from the tax. The second division, "on foreign woven fabrics," gives "a table-cover" 1½ den; a light-colored tunic 1½; a bed-covering 1½; a purple sagum 1, and adds, "other African stuffs pay per piece." The next division is for skins, but the duties are effaced; we only distinguish the words, "skin completely prepared," "skin unprepared," "horse or goat-skin," cordiscum per lb.; vopa per quintal; glue per 10 lbs.; sponges per 10 lbs." Then comes a division concerning pasture animals, and beasts of burden, which are declared to be exempt from duties; amphora of wine, dates, figs, nuts per bushel, turpentine for lamps, &c., &c. The colony of Zarai was between 136 and 139, A. D., the garrison of a cohort; and it is probable that, up to the year 202, the cohort charged to defend this part of the Imperial frontier, was exempted from custom's duties. The colony was on one of the most frequented roads leading from the Desert to the Cesarian Mauritania. Among the objects mentioned in the tariff are many which are still made in the cases of the southern part of the Regency of Tunis. Thus the "*light colored tunics*" are evidently the *haics* which wealthy Arabs wear at present, and which European ladies have been lately wearing as shawls; the "*saga*" are the *gandouras* which now form the insignia of command in Tunis; and the "*bed-coverings*" are probably the gaily-colored blankets still used in those parts. The "*wines*" were fermented liquors procured from the palms and dates, and are still manufactured. It has been hitherto supposed that the custom's duties of the Roman Empire were uniformly one-fortieth part of the value of the goods; but the tablet just found shows that these duties were not always the same. To read of these details of taxation, and of "turpentine for lamps," brings those old times curiously near to our own experience, and reminds one of the remark made so long ago by King Solomon, and confirmed afresh by the experience of each generation since his day; for despite our restless inventions and improvements, is there really any "new thing under the sun?"

QUANTUM.

ADULTERATION OF EGGS.—The public has lately heard much about the adulteration of various kinds of food, and yet it is not aware that a large proportion of the eggs that are now being eaten in London are what is called by the cheesemongers "pickled eggs." This "pickling" is done during summer, while eggs are at a low price, by mixing lime and water in casks and filling the casks with eggs, permitting them to lie four or six months in this hot lime mixture, thus destroying all the natural flavor and nutritive power of the eggs, rendering them insipid to the taste and impregnated with a strong decoction of lime, which is injurious to the stomach. Pickled eggs look very white and clean, resembling new-laid eggs, and are sold in winter, when good fresh eggs are scarce and dear. They may be known by the following signs:—The feel of the shell is rough, from sometimes part of the lime not having been quite washed off; they feel cold and damp, as the life of the egg is destroyed and partly wasted outside, whereas a good egg is always dry to the touch, life existing in it. Through lime-gas in pickled eggs they often burst when put into boiling water, and will always be found partly empty, or with a few drops of lime-water in them, when cooked.—*English Paper.*

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH.—At the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an augur five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and, upon the extraction, the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills this newly-made well, which continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor droughts.

But what is most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city—paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic work. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables; and at twenty-six feet deep, large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep, a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under this, vegetation is found again.

A LUNATIC KING.—The King of Prussia has not been much improved by the "skies of Italy," if we may credit the following account from a Florence correspondent, of his eccentric behavior at the dinner table:—

"The royal patient was perfectly sane all day, received his guests, chatted, laughed, and was quite jolly; the dinner was announced, the company marched in, the King of course, took his place at the head of the table, and everybody waited for him to set the example to put their spoons in their mouths. But instead of doing what was expected of him, his Majesty, deliberately washed his face in the soup, and then sat complacently smiling on his friends, the long strings of vermicelli hanging down over his eyes and nose, and in his hair and moustache. You may imagine the effect; no one dared to laugh, however, and they had to sit out the dinner with this ridiculous figure-head, covered with gravy (for he sternly refused towels,) talking to them all the while."

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—The height of impudence was recently illustrated in New York, in the U. S. Circuit Court. A man named McAdam, was tried on a charge of larceny on the high seas, in stealing some sovereigns in a woman's corset, which he obtained by cutting the corset, but he was acquitted through the exertions of his counsel. As soon as the verdict had been rendered, the accused coolly stepped up to the jury and addressing one of their number, said, "You have acquitted me, but I am the man that took the money," and then walked out of the Court, leaving a rather funny look on the face of the juror addressed.

A TENDER HUSBAND.—The Ballston (N. Y.) Journal says a resident of the town of Malta, Saratoga county, name not given, made a singular disposition of his wife the other day. It appears that his wife has been sick for a number of years—occasioned by a fall she received in her house—and has been constantly failing until she is now unable to speak or move hand or foot. Her husband, in making sale of his farm, made a deduction of $500 on the sale in consideration that the purchaser should provide for and maintain his wife during her lifetime, and that he should be freed from all embarrassments with regard to her.

THE English papers received by the steamer Fulton, announce the appointment of Lord Lyons to succeed Lord Napier, as Minister to the United States. The report received from Halifax of the appointment of Lord Abercromby was the mistake of the person preparing the despatch of the news by the Fulton.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

A REPORT MADE TO THE "PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING AGRICULTURE."

At the recent meeting of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society, the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Sidney G. Fisher, read the reports hereto added, on the culture and value of the Chinese Sugar Cane. Mr. F., in presenting the reports, said that Mr. Thomas Ellicott, who sent them, is a gentleman of education and highly respectable position, a large farmer and proprietor in Chester county. The reports seem conclusive as to the value of the Sorghum Sucre. It is shown to produce a profit to the farmer *three times greater than Indian corn*, and they confirm the statements made last year by Mr. Lovering, and then presented to this Society. These facts being known, it is easy to predict that the plant will be extensively grown, and permanently added to our agriculture, and that syrup and sugar made from it will soon appear as articles of merchandise in our markets. It is probable also that the principle of division of labor will be advantageously applied to this branch of industry, as to others; the culture of the crop and the manufacture of its products employing different hands. This, indeed, was done in the present case, Mr. Ellicott having grown the cane, and Mr. Conard having made the syrup and sugar. As the cultivation of the plant extends, manufacturers of syrup and sugar will spring up in the large towns and villages, who will be supplied with cane by the neighboring farmers, as millers are supplied with grain, to the advantage of each class, for each will become more skillful in the branch which occupies its exclusive attention. Larger crops of cane, and a better quality of the manufactured article, will be the result.

There are other uses, however, served by this valuable plant. In France, paper is made from it, a coloring matter of superior quality, and also alcohol, for which purpose it is there chiefly employed, whilst, said Mr. F., I am told that here excellent vinegar has been obtained from its juice, and with even greater profit than syrup or sugar.

Its importance as a fodder crop is now well settled. Many experiments have proved that the seed is food for all kinds of stock, and the stalk and blades are more nutritious than those of Indian corn. It cannot, however, for these purposes, take rank with that noble product of our soil, though probably it is much more valuable than oats. Most farmers would be glad to get rid of this crop, if they could find one more profitable that could be sown in the spring, and mature in time to be succeeded by wheat, or with which grass could combine to remain for hay or pasture the succeeding year. But it seems difficult to substitute the Sorghum Sucre for the oats crop, or to find a place for it in our ordinary rotation, as it does not fully ripen till too late for sowing wheat; neither could grass seed be sown with it, at least not more successfully than with corn, an experiment that has generally failed. Where the Sorghum, however, is grown for the sake of syrup or sugar, the profit might justify the abandonment of the corn crop, or the Sorghum might be added to the rotation, and the exhaustion of the land made up by an increased quantity of manure.

These gentlemen, Mr. Ellicott and Mr. Conard, deserve our thanks for the trouble they have taken in making these experiments and sending us reports of them. The information they have given is interesting and important, not to farmers only, but to the community, and this Society cannot be better employed than in diffusing it as widely as possible.

AVONDALE, Chester Co., Pa.,
December 10, 1858.

To Sidney George Fisher, Corresponding Secretary of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society:

In the latter part of the year 1856 and beginning of the year 1857, there were distributed by the Patent Office small parcels of the seed of the Sorghum, or Chinese Sugar Cane, for the purpose of having it experimented upon as an article to be introduced into the agriculture of the country. I had little or no faith in its adaptation to the latitude and climate of Pennsylvania, but I planted a few rows of the seed in my garden, and distributed several small parcels to my neighbors, who also planted it in the same way. The plant grew finely.

I myself made no experiments as to its product in syrup or sugar, but gave my cane to my scientific neighbor, Dr. Michener, who added to it about the same quantity of cane raised by himself, and made an experiment of its value by using a small pair of rollers, worked by one man, to express the juice, and such implements as his own kitchen afforded to reduce the juice to syrup. He sent me a sample of the product when done, which was found to be about equal to the best New Orleans molasses, but it was evident that the clarification of the juice was imperfect. The quantity made, however, was very satisfactory. Others of my neighbors made experiments in the same way and with the same results, no one person having planted, perhaps, so much as the eighth part of an acre. Among them all, my friend and neighbor, Milton Conard, was the most successful.

The seed of the cane grown in 1857 was planted in the spring of 1858, by a considerable number of the neighboring farmers, in small quantities, no one, perhaps, attempting to grow so much as the half of an acre but myself. The cultivation and experiments of the preceding year had been supported and illustrated by the disinterested and valuable efforts of Joseph S. Lovering, of Philadelphia, to whose timely exertions and lucid expositions upon this subject the country is greatly indebted. I had now become so well assured of the great value of the sorghum, as an article both of domestic and political economy, to those States where Indian corn will mature, that I caused an experiment to be made upon such a scale as I thought would set at rest all doubts as to whether it could be profitably introduced into our system of agriculture in Pennsylvania. This experiment is completed, and I herewith transmit to you the subjoined report of Milton Conard, showing its results, for the information of the Philadelphia Society, and all others who feel an interest in the subject. It has satisfied me that the sorghum culture may be made a source of great profit to individual cultivators, and will save to this State at large the whole cost of the sugar and molasses now consumed by nearly or quite three millions of people. I am also persuaded that this can be done with less labor, risk, and expense than is now incurred in the cultivation of cereals.

The report referred to shows that the actual product of the four acres, planted by me this season, was two hundred and seventeen gallons of syrup and forty bushels of seed to the acre—the seed weighing forty pounds to the bushel. The ground planted was part of an old orchard, with an indifferent sod. The land was broken up in April, and planted, without manure, on the first day of May—the fifteenth or twentieth would have been better; the ground was too cold, and the seed did not germinate until nearly the first of June, when it grew rapidly. It received precisely the same culture as is applied to Indian corn. There was a partial failure in the seed to the amount of one-sixth part of the crop; a loss in the stalk from being cut too short, and a loss of at least ten per cent. from imperfect machinery for expressing the juice. These drawbacks removed, the report shows that an ordinarily favorable crop on our good lands, may be set down at 275 to 300 gallons of syrup to the acre. But taking my crop at its actual product, with all its deficiencies, and its results, as compared with the cultivation of a crop of corn, it may be fairly stated as follows:

The expense and labor of cultivating an acre of Chinese sugar cane, until it is ready to cut from the ground for manufacturing, is precisely the same as the expense of cultivating the same quantity of land in Indian corn or broom corn.

Assuming my crop to be an average one, and taking the sorghum, or cane, at this point, on land that would produce fifty bushels of corn per acre, which is an over estimate of the land put into sorghum by me, and its value, as compared with a crop of corn, is as follows:

217 gallons of syrup, at 40 cts. per gallon,	$86 80
40 bushels of sorghum seed, at 40 cts. per bushel,	16 00
	$102 80
Deduct expense of manufacturing syrup, 12 cts. per gallon,	26 04
Leaves as net proceeds of sorghum per acre,	$76 76

Fifty bushels of unhusked corn in the field, cannot, upon an average of years, be estimated as worth more than fifty cents a bushel in Chester county. This is twenty-five dollars; which, deducted from the foregoing $76,76, leaves a difference in favor of the sorghum of $51,76, or shows a crop of over three times the value of Indian corn.

Or, to put the comparison in a different light, simplifying the operation still more to the farmer, the manufacturer of the syrup, in Chester county, this year, charged 15 cents per gallon for manufacturing the small lots of cane brought to him. He would willingly receive a third part of the syrup instead, wherever the corn was furnished in any considerable quantity. Taking the product of an acre at 217 galls. and deducting one-third for manufacturing, 82 "

Leaves 145 "

of syrup, together with 40 bushels of seed, weighing 40 pounds to the bushel, as the clear product of an acre of the sorghum to the cultivator.

Thus we see that, at anyrate whatever, within the widest range of prices that can be fairly assumed as the price of the syrup, the value of the sorghum crop is more than double the value of the corn crop, and at the rates at which it has sold readily by the barrel in this country, the present year, is more than three times its value.

It is easily seen, from this statement, that the calculation of profits may be made much more favorable to the sorghum cultivation, by estimating what this experiment shows may be done on lands where all the conditions of the crop are favorable; but I see no way in which the result can be rendered less promising to the cultivators of the cane. The results here shown are a minimum which any fair experiment, in any good season, may be fairly expected to exceed.

I may with great propriety add, that no one acquainted with Milton Conard, the author of the report, will doubt his intelligence, his judgment, or his conscientious adherence to truth in all the facts therein stated. Nor will any one question his character as one of the most judicious, as well as enterprising agriculturists in the county of Chester, or deny to him the ability to impartially weigh the solid results of sober experience, avoiding alike the incredulity of amateur cultivators, on the one hand, and their extravagant expectations on the other.

THOS. ELLICOTT.

REPORT.

Having given some attention to the cultivation of the Chinese sugar cane the two past seasons, I have engaged, to a limited extent, in its manufacture into syrup and sugar. And at the request of my friend, Thomas Ellicott, I have been induced to furnish the results of my observations and experience for the benefit of those whom it may concern. Though I am fully conscious that to many persons in the community the facts here stated are entirely familiar, yet it is hoped that the hints contained in the following report may serve to aid public opinion in duly estimating the intrinsic value of the sorghum, as an article of culture. And it has been no small part of my design, in the details given, in some measure to assist enterprising farmers in introducing into their communities the cultivation and manufacture on their *own soil*, and with their *own hands*, a commodity of such obvious value—an article of domestic necessity, if I may so speak, which has heretofore drawn largely upon the financial resources of our people.

The largest lot of cane worked up by me this season was raised by Thomas Ellicott, of Avondale, who has taken more interest in this subject, probably, than any other man in Chester county; and was induced to engage in its cultivation by no other motive, I believe, than that of testing the "Sorghum question" by a fair and open experiment, for the benefit of the community at large.

The ground selected by him was a sod, such as would produce in a good season some forty bushels of Indian corn per acre. It was broken up early in April, and planted without manure of any kind about the 1st of May, in hills three feet apart each way. The season being unusually wet and cold, much of this seed failed to germinate, leaving many hills entirely vacant, and the remainder so thin, that, when weeded as judiciously as the case would admit, it did not leave an average of over two and a half stalks to the hill, instead of three or four, as was designed. The cultivation was similar in all respects to that used in Indian corn. The cutting commenced on the 4th of October, when the seeds appeared generally ripe, and it was nearly all worked up by the 20th of the same month. This lot, containing four acres and ten perches, yielded eight hundred and eighty-three gallons of syrup, or a fraction over 217 gallons per acre; and it is but due to remark that some 25 gallons per acre were lost by a misconstruction of orders in cutting the cane about one joint higher from the ground, on an average, throughout, than economy would require; so that the positive yield of this piece of ground, under all the unfavorable circumstances of its culture, *should* have been 242 gallons to the acre. And I may observe here that, having worked up small lots of cane for over thirty of my neighbors, this fall, I measured *carefully* several pieces of ground whose produce had passed through my hands, for the purpose of determining more certainly what an acre of ground under ordinary circumstances might be expected to produce. The result of this examination gives an average of 245 gallons. And it is due to state in this connection that, on a careful examination of the performance of our mill, we have to admit that at least ten per cent. of the saccharine remained in the stalk, which, if our works had been sufficiently strong, should have been extracted. This important fact being taken into account, will swell the average produce per acre to 269½ gallons. And from what I have observed of the culture and management of the several lots of cane embraced in the estimate alluded to above, I cannot but believe this result to be *entirely inside* of what *may* be done on good land, in an ordinarily favorable season.

A few remarks in reference to the seed, the culture, time of cutting, keeping it after being cut, method and cost of manufacturing syrup are added.

SEED.—Cultivators of the sorghum will need to be scrupulously careful lest the seed they plant should be hybridized with broom corn or other plants of the same genus, and to obtain that which has been thoroughly ripened. Broom corn, growing some hundreds of yards distant, has been known so to affect the seed as to render the succeeding crop almost worthless.

CULTURE.—It is of importance to the success of its cultivation, that the ground selected should be so elevated as to be clear of liability to excessive moisture; for although, when well matured, the sorghum will bear more frost than Indian corn, yet it is liable to material injury from early frosts in this latitude, when planted in cold, clay soils. The earth should be reduced to a very fine tilth before the seeds are committed to its keeping. As a method of planting, I would suggest that the plan adopted by T. E., on the four acre lot, described above, is perhaps as economical as almost any other; though the drill may be used to great advantage on clean ground, if it can be made to drop the quantity of seed desired. During the subsequent cultivation, I think it ought to be reduced to about one stalk to three superficial feet, removing such suckers and inferior stalks as are likely to be backward in ripening.

CUTTING.—As to the time of cutting it may be regarded as sufficiently ripe for syrup, when the seeds become generally of a dark brown color—but will continue to improve in *quality*, if left to stand till the temperature falls to 32 deg. F., or even lower. But "delay is dangerous," on account of the uncertainty of the season, and the time required to work up any considerable quantity of cane. It should be cut obliquely, just above the crown roots, and one or two joints lopped off at top. I think the blades are stripped off more freely after cutting than while standing, and I have no doubt it "pays" to tie up the cane in small bundles, before attempting to load it, in order to facilitate handling.

KEEPING CANE.—The cane, if uninjured by severe frosts before cutting, may be kept good several weeks, if protected from excessive wet and hard freezing. This may be done either by housing or placing in windows, on rails or boards, and covering with straw.

FODDER SEED AND CRUSHED CANE.—The tops, after the seeds have been knocked off with the threshing machine, together with the blades, when properly cured, make the best of provender for all kind of stock that eat hay. The seed, of which thirty to forty bushels to the acre, weighing some forty pounds per bushel, may be expected as a fair crop, is much like broom corn, and when ground makes excellent feed. The pressed cane or bagasse (if the mill does its duty), is of no value for fodder; but may make some manure when rotted, or might be useful as fuel for evaporating the juice. A *small amount* of vinegar may be got out of it, and I should judge from its fibrous texture, that afterwards it would make ropes, or excellent paper manufacture. Our crusher is a light one horse, two roller, cast iron mill, capable of expressing about forty gallons of juice per hour—cost fifty dollars. The boilers have wooden sides and sheet iron bottoms, and are set on brick work, so that the fire reaches the bottom, but cannot approach the sides.

There are three of them; one holding eighty-eight gallons we use as a clarifier, and is set at a height which admits the juice to be run into it from the vessel under the mill, and higher by the depth of itself than the other two; so that when ready the clarified juice is run into either of the others. These, each holding seventy-two gallons, are used for evaporating, and finishing. For neutralizing the acid and clarifying I have used super carbonate of soda, which was applied after the juice had been brought gently to the boiling point and the first scum removed, and was continued in small quantities while much green matter was evolved; still removing the scum after each application of the soda, when sufficiently coagulated to part from the fluid. The evaporation was continued as *rapidly* as possible after coming into the lower boilers, until the mass had reached a density of some 25 deg., when it became necessary to slacken the fire, and proceed with much care, to avoid running it over or scorching the syrup. The operator will very soon be able to determine when the batch is sufficiently done, by the appearance of the boiling mass rising in somewhat larger and regular inequalities of surface, and receding with a little snap on the escape of the steam. Yet I have found it best occasionally to test the strength of the syrup by the use Beaume's saccharometer and a thermometer adapted to the purpose. The standard I assumed was about 36 degrees to 37 degrees B. at 60 degrees F. This may have been beyond what was really necessary, but, in a case of this kind especially, it was best to err on the safe side, if err we must. When the batch was sufficiently done the fire was immediately checked till the charge was removed into the cooler, and a fresh supply introduced from the clarifying boiler. These three boilers, when well managed, were fully equal to the capacity of the mill, and have yielded over eighty gallons of syrup per day, though I regard sixty-three gallons, with these fixtures, a reasonable day's work. In the consumption of fuel we must have been prodigal, using about three-fourths of a cord for every sixty-three gallons. There were some obvious deficiencies in the arrangement of our furnaces to account for this, which, if removed, would probably reduce the consumption to two thirds of this quantity.

COST OF MANUFACTURE.—With this imperfect apparatus the *actual cost* of making syrup after the cane was prepared and brought to the mill, did not vary much from eleven cents per gallon; and I am inclined to believe, from all that I have been able to learn, that syrup may be made for ten to twelve cents, and *possibly* with profit at the former rate, if done on a sufficiently large scale, and with such appliances as may be obtained.

Our experiments for obtaining sugar are not yet fully closed for the season, for, although winter has come, I still have a lot of cane in as good condition as when cut, near two months ago. We have succeeded in our experiments in making sugar, and in quantity and quality it seems quite encouraging, though in color it is not so satisfactory, having in its *complexion* that *distinguishing characteristic* which, in spite of its *positive worth*, fixes on it the degradation of being "*low priced.*" Although in the trials I have made I have had the benefit of the report of J. S. Lovering, of 1857, and am indebted to his kindness for more minute instructions, personally rendered, I have as yet been unable to produce a crystalization sufficiently perfect to part freely with the residue; and I think it is in consequence of this, and the ill adaptation of our boilers in part, that our production has so far been of a dark color. But I feel entire confidence that we *can* yet make sugar from the sorghum, that will not only be *cheap* enough, but of quality *good* enough for all ordinary purposes.

I must, therefore, say, in relation to the practicability of raising and manufacturing our own sugar and molasses in this latitude, that there is no longer left any room to doubt. The experiments of the past season go to show conclusively that the farmers of the middle States can successfully compete with their agricultural brethren of the south in the production of syrup equal in weight and superior in flavor to the very best molasses sent to us from Louisiana, and in no respect inferior to the finest "golden syrup" of Boston or Philadelphia; and they also show that, while the interest of the farmer will be greatly promoted by giving the sorghum a place in his system of culture, an equal benefit will arise to the community at large from the diminished rates at which these necessaries and luxuries of life may be furnished; while, as a natural result, some four or five millions of dollars, now annually sent out of the State of Pennsylvania alone, may be retained within the channels of our own trade. I will here close this imperfect sketch by saying that, in the statements and suggestions made in this paper, I have been actuated by a desire not to mislead in reference to any feature of the subject; but, if possible, to aid in drawing the attention of the community to the value of the Chinese sugar cane, and at the same time to yield for the use of others what little my own experience has induced.

MILTON CONARD,
West Grove P. O., Chester county, Pa.
Dec. 4, 1858.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 193—Adults 110, and children 83.

LAURA.

Fair moon! that witnessed my delight,
As—Laura's little hand in mine—
We walked, the cloudless summer night,
Beneath the purple-clustered vine,
Say, hast o'er fanned a fairer face
With the mild splendor of thy wing,
Or known a form of gentler grace
Than hers of whom I fondly sing?

Ye stars! that in her happy eyes,
Looked down and saw yourselves more bright,
Speak! have you ever from the skies,
Beheld a being half so light?
Was Eve more lovely, when, new born,
The fairest thing in Paradise,
The world's first lover woke at morn,
She flashed on his astonished eyes?

Ye trees, whose branches o'er my head,
Waved pendulous that blessed eve,
And heard the loving vows she said,
Do love-birds sweeter strains o'er weave?
Or do the tales the soft winds bring,
Which make thy whispering leaves rejoice;
Or silvery streamlets murmuring,
In melody surpass her voice!

Oh, sea! that kissed our feet that night,
Did heavenly Venus fairer roam,
When like the Iris clothed in light,
She leaped to life, amid thy foam?
Or when thy waves bore from the land
Egypt's dark Queen—had she more charms?
Or Hero, when upon the strand
She clasped Leander in her arms?

Winds! that bore from the garden's bloom,
Like spirits of the loved in death,
The soul of flowers—a sweet perfume—
Say, was it sweeter than her breath?
And when you kissed her blushing cheek,
And nestled in her auburn hair,
And sinuous, stirred her bosom meek,
Did ye not seek a warm death there?

They all are silent—moon and stars,
And trees, and ever-rolling sea,
And winds that, yoked to fairy cars,
Bear endless freights of melody—
They speak not; yet, oh, loving heart!
What needs it what the answer be;
Though the whole world deny each part,
Is she not more than all to thee?

BROTHER AND SISTER.

The Hothams were left orphans—the brother at twenty-two, the sister at twenty-one years of age—but their desolation was by no means extreme; it was tempered to them, as the Rev. Applepy Swete observed, by a considerable sum of money in the Three per Cents. Besides, the girl found in Cecil Hotham at once a parent and a brother; more devoted to her happiness than a lover; for his devotion exceeded that of a wooing time; it lasted for life.

Even if one had not been related to her, it would have been quite possible to have become exceedingly fond of Nina Hotham; as Mr. Swete, the curate of Brentfell, where she lived, proved. Swete was not a strong-minded young person, but he was very honest and well meaning, and the living would be his own as soon as the then rector (who was eighty-two) should be removed from what was denominated, more technically than literally, his present sphere of usefulness. The old gentleman had indeed been put in at seventy-four by Mr. Swete's father, the patron, as a warming-pan for his son, and he had already taken five years longer to keep the place warm than was expected of him. Still, it was plain that he could not persist in such annoying conduct much longer, and Mr. Applepy Swete's expectations were—since the living was a good one—proportionably excellent. Nina liked him well enough, not passionately, and her brother Cecil, seeing that, was, in consequence, his warm friend and supporter; for, if her opinion of the young divine had been unfavorable, he would have been his determined and uncompromising foe.

It is probable that Nina—she was fair, tall, and blue-eyed, with a carriage like that of a princess, and a will of her own to match—would have become Mrs. Swete, and lived and died the wife of a country rector, had it not been for a circumstance no less trifling than that of an acting charade.

It was winter; and, at the hall where the old squire, who was king at Brentfell, lived, a large party had assembled, among whom were the Hothams. Private theatricals were a novelty in that part of the country, and such acting even as the guests attempted—which partook more of the nature of tableaux vivants than anything else—aroused immense enthusiasm in the locality, and attracted more spectators than the double drawing-room could easily hold. Nina Hotham, magnificently attired, and imitating the silence as well as the attitude of some sublime statue, made a profound impression. Accustomed from her youth to a country life, and knowing nothing of the world in these volumes of the unreal, miscalled of the imagination, the poor girl became intoxicated with this partial and unreasonable applause. In it, her fancy caught the herald notes of a burst of triumphant acclaim, which was to sweep perhaps, one day, through the length and breadth of England; of Europe; of the world. The calling of the actress, she had often thought, was a something little less than divine, and now she had the exquisite pleasure of persuading herself, and of being persuaded, that that high privilege was her own by natural right. Vain, indulged, and accustomed to no other influence than that of her own impulses, this young gentlewoman—brought up in affluence, and imbued with the usual social prejudices—nevertheless found herself stage-struck.

The Reverend Applepy Swete had not hailed very eagerly the appearance of his intended as Rowena, the Saxon Princess, in a charade; but when he discovered that, in consequence of the success of that Mystery, it had been determined that the last scene of the play of Othello was to be represented, the part of Desdemona by Miss Nina Hotham, the young curate looked almost as black as the Moor himself.

"I do trust, Nina," he urged, with suppressed feeling, "that you will think again of this."

"I mean to do so," replied the girl, who was annoyed that the only eyes which had not beamed admiration, the only hands which had not spoken approval, on the evening of her recent triumph, were those of Mr. Applepy Swete; "the part requires considerable thought, sir."

"Nina," he said, earnestly, "do not answer me thus. You and I, as I hope and trust with all my heart, are, at no very distant period, to be one, as man and wife. Our interests, our sympathies, our actions, are to be similar and united. If I suffered you to take this highly imprudent and unbecoming step (I cannot apply a term less strong to your acting in such a scene with such a man as Colonel Chowler) without reproof, you might, in after life, reasonably reproach me for an unwonted harshness; since, as your husband, I should not surely—"

"Silence, sir," interrupted the embryo tragedienne, imperiously, "you are going too fast. I thank you for the warning you have given me of what I am to expect as your wife. You have not a good temper. 'This bloody passion'—that's what I have to say to the Colonel—'shakes your very frame. These are portents. Have mercy upon me. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-day.' Most reverend signor, you are very terrible!"

"If you do act that scene," cried the curate solemnly, and certainly in a rage, "you and I, Miss Hotham, never speak of love again."

That five minutes of irritating conversation probably altered the whole tenor of a couple of human lives. The lady persevered in her determination to play Desdemona, and the young clergyman, upon his part, kept his word.

If the charade was a Success, the play was a tremendous Hit indeed. The gallant colonel handled the sofa cushion as if he had, all his life, done nothing else but smother people with that implement; and, as for Desdemona, she, according to universal testimony, was well nigh faultless; her skin looked whiter than snow, and smoother than the monumental alabaster; while her tones—except upon one occasion when she got the tassel of the cushion into her mouth—were Desdemona's own.—When she desired to be commended to her kind lord, and died forgiving him so sweetly, with an "Oh, farewell," upon her closing lips, there was not one dry eye in the double drawing-room.

This second triumph put an end to what few prudent reflections yet remained to Nina with regard to her becoming an actress. Her admiring brother protested, from the bottom of his heart, that she was the most perfect Desdemona that ever played, and that she would make her fortune in a fortnight, if she were only to go upon the stage.

"I am glad to hear you say so much, my dearest Cecil," was the girl's delighted answer. "I feel the power within me. It has been slumbering long indeed; but now is all the stronger for its rest. I have made up my mind, dear brother, to become an actress—to immortalize myself—aye," she added, in her deepest notes; but not until after a little pause, "and you, also, Cecil."

Cecil Hotham shuddered. He had the most unbounded faith in his sister's powers; but all his instincts rallied round his preconceived opinions of the stage, in arms against this scheme. He knew his sister well enough to feel that it was something more than an idea of the moment engendered by excitement and success; and he knew himself too well not to doubt his own ability to persuade her to abandon the resolve.

"Remember, Nina, whom you shipwreck by this course," he urged, "poor Swete now dreams that you are his—"

"Not now," she cried, "we are not to speak of love again. He has told me that I shall not act on the stage. Shall not! I am glad to think that I have escaped the man.—But he shall hear of me, as all the world shall hear; and you, my Cecil, brother—now that all familiar faces will be set against me—you alone I look to now for help."

They two had many more conversations of this nature. There was endless talk and oceans of advice, and almost universal censure poured upon them from all sides, as well. But the end was, that Nina had her way.

Their comfortable Brentfell home was let; and, since it was of course absolutely necessary that a tragic star of such a magnitude should make its first appearance in the metropolitan firmament, the Hothams removed to London.

Nina went through a course of training in elocution and deportment, with a patience hardly to have been expected of her; and, in six months' time, was pronounced by her theatrical Coach (a gentleman at the very top of his profession) as perfect as art could make her—which indeed was true.

While she continued to occupy herself in the study of various characters—each of which, however, was the most ambitious in its particular piece—Cecil set every wheel within his reach in motion, to provide her with a suitable engagement. With money and friends in plenty, her position was of course a far more favorable one than that of many a more gifted debutante. Still she did not find the thing she sought.—More than one manager of this and that great house had interviews with the young lady at her private residence, without the expected offer of the position of first tragedienne being made. They saw her, and were charmed. Her face, her figure, her carriage, her action even, delighted them; but the words themselves were often wanting, and the sense of them it had been out of the power of the theatrical Coach (who, perhaps, did not know it himself) to convey.

Nina grew sad and heartsick at the lack of generous enthusiasm in these personages; whom she had pictured to herself all eager to secure her for their own. Cecil was indignant beyond measure at their ignorance and want of taste.

"These persons who have the leading theatres," said he, kissing away her tears, "are given up to particular styles; to mechanical and stereotyped characters; to women more like lay-figures than actresses. They know absolutely nothing of genius. They do not understand the language of Nature, even when they hear it spoken by one so noble as yourself. It is the people only who have the power to put you upon your rightful throne. You shall appear at some minor house under an assumed name; and afterwards, when your success is proclaimed by the public voice, these mistrustful men will be ready enough to open their doors to my own Nina."

Accordingly, it was not long before a lesser monarch of the stage paid a business visit to the disengaged young lady; approved her speech as well as her action, her delineation of passion, and her majestic method of crossing the room. Finally, in offering her the leading part at his theatre, during the ensuing month, he promised to respect the secret of her name until an enthusiastic public would be denied the revelation no longer.

"And now that you have made your business arrangements with my future proprietor," said Nina, with laughing eyes and radiant countenance, as her brother returned from an interview with their visitor, "do pray, dear brother, tell me how much I may be worth per week."

"Well, love," replied Cecil, with hesitation, "considering that you are entirely unknown and quite inexperienced; that you have not the great theatrical lineage which some possess to give an interest to your debut; that (I am only quoting the manager's words, you know,) you have no decidedly original readings of any well-known—"

"Am I worth nothing?" interrupted the girl, passionately. "What does all this tend to? Was the man lying to my face ten minutes ago?"

"No, Nina, no," stammered her brother; "but the offer seemed so small, so insignificant, that I scarcely liked to come to it. Fifteen pounds a week. It would be positively distressing were it not so ridiculous; but Siddonses, O'Neills, and Nina Hothams must begin, you see, even upon a trifle."

She tossed her head and pouted a little at this intelligence; but presently left the room to pursue her studies, in her natural high spirits. Cecil stood looking at the door through which she had departed, with loving but melancholy eyes. He had schooled the manager in the part he was to play with Nina before he saw her, and his subsequent business arrangements with that gentleman had been different, indeed, from that which he had represented them.

"I think I was right," he mused; "I trust I was right. To have told her the miserable truth—that I have had to pay fifteen pounds a week for the privilege of her being permitted to act—would have gone well nigh to kill her. After next month, too, all these things will be changed. Such beauty, such grace, such genius, cannot remain long unappreciated by any who have eyes and ears."

At the little transpontine theatre the effect of this pecuniary-dramatic arrangement was tremendous. The first tragic lady, who had to become the second tragic lady at once, enacted a little extemporaneous tragedy upon her own account by going into hysterics. The second and third tragic ladies were each proportionally indignant at being unceremoniously thrust down a peg a-piece in the dramatic scale. The sentiments of the whole corps of female artistes can be only paralleled by those of the military, when the highest step is not allowed, for some unexplained reason, to go in the regiment. The male actors protested in soothing tones that they would scorn to act with the interloper; or, if they were obliged to do so, that they would act exceedingly ill.

Accordingly—for to this universal jealousy of his sister's position, poor Cecil always ascribed the catastrophe—when the nameless tragedienne made Her First Appearance at the transpontine theatre, no failure had ever been so complete, on either side of the Thames. There was pretty general applause when she made her first majestic appearance; but, from the moment when she began to speak, until she closed her eyes in mimic death, the Noes had it.

The second night was not so completely unfortunate as the first; only because there were not so many people in the house to express disapprobation. On the third night the deposed first tragic lady of the theatre resumed her sway.

It would be painful to narrate in detail, how, at this and that inferior theatre, Nina Hotham attempted again and again to assert her fancied pre-eminence, and always in vain; how hundreds of pounds were spent on this costly whim of hers, although her brother never had the heart to tell her the truth; and how he himself never lost his loving faith in her; but believed that the world would welcome her, one day, yet. Peevish and fretful at the slightest cross, as she had ever been, she now began to pine under this great reverse. Her vanity, so far from being crushed by these repeated disappointments, grew ranker and wilder than ever; stretching out its too luxuriant tendrils on all sides, and finding nothing to support them, anywhere. It really seemed as if the glare of the footlights and the breath of popular applause were as light and air to her, and that, both being denied her, she must perish.

Cecil Hotham, knowing so much better than she did, in what light estimation her talents had been held, was yet so blinded with admiration for her as to determine to risk his all in one more grand attempt to get her a public hearing. One of the two great London theatres being advertised to be let, for a certain time, this good young man—sensible enough in ordinary circumstances wherein his sister was not concerned, but about as fitted for the part of manager of such an establishment as the Vicar of Wakefield—resolved to undertake the management of it. Matters were the more difficult and unfavorable for him, insomuch as all things were made subservient to the interests of Nina. The stars who chanced just then to be not fixed, were excluded from his company lest they should dim his sister's brightness; but the minor constellations exacted from him the pay of their superiors. They were not going to do second business (how indignantly poor Nina echoed that word!) to a person without an established name, unless they were well compensated for that humiliation.

In spite of the two theatrical agents in his employment, or, perhaps, because of them, the young manager paid double the usual head-money for every recruit in his enormous corps dramatique.

However, the plan of the campaign was in the end arranged, and the object of all his preparations at last placed in a position to wear the crown of triumph she had so long desired.

Nina Hotham's name in letters of all the colors in the rainbow, and bigger than the poor girl herself, wearied the metropolitan eye wheresoever it fell. The newspapers proclaimed to the whole country, including the little world round Brentfell, how the ambitious debutante had chosen one of the first characters in the range of British drama in which to make her appearance upon the first stage in Europe, on that day fortnight. Nina Hotham had selected no less a part for herself than that of Lady Macbeth.

The hour to which brother and sister had looked forward with a secret suspense that was almost agony, at length arrived. The vast theatre was densely crowded from floor to ceiling. Puffing had done its work. Vague rumors also of failure at other places, and under a feigned name, had got about, and excited curiosity to the utmost. A great number of her private friends, too, were there; besides at least five hundred hands, which, if they did not applaud, ought to be ashamed of themselves, since they had been admitted by orders, and upon that very condition.

In the third tier, far back in the darkness of a private box, sat the Reverend Applepy Swete, now rector of Brentfell; who, for all his hasty words and rigid resolves, had an interest in the fate of the heroine of the night only second to that felt by one other. The ocean of murmurous talk in that vast concourse ebbed and flowed about him, bringing her beloved name upon its almost every wave. He had behaved violently to her, he now thought, and too rigidly. Perhaps her haughty spirit had been even driven into its present course by his harsh words. He it was, not she, who was to blame. He had need to offer her reparation as well as forgiveness.

All sounds suddenly died away as the curtain rose upon the new heath scenery that had been painted, regardless of expense, for the present occasion. The witches prophesied; the Thanes did everything that was expected of them; but Mr. Swete had neither eyes nor ears for them.

A room within Macbeth's castle at Inverness. A pause, wherein you might have heard a pin drop, and then a roar of applause which shook the house. Nina Hotham was in the centre of the stage, magnificent, majestic; the object upon which the eyes of thousands were concentrated. The letter from Macbeth was in her hand, from which she ought to have already spoken the first sentence. Another roar of applause. Still Nina spoke not one single syllable, nor was she fated to speak; her faculties were numbed; her tongue powerless; her limbs immovable. She was paralysed by stage-fright. Applause, mingled with disapprobation, succeeded; then disapprobation only. Finally, the curtain descended upon the voiceless Lady Macbeth in a perfect storm of hisses.

Even Cecil Hotham knew that Nina's chance as a favorite of the public was now gone forever. The final opportunity, thus lost, had cost—with the previous expenses upon her account—nearly all their fortune. Nevertheless, not a word of sorrow, and far less of reproach, did he ever utter. After paying every farthing that they owed, he left his expensive residence, and removed with her to a suburban lodging; their Brentfell house having been sold. A room was appropriated in their humble home for the vast assemblage of theatrical properties which now seemed to form her sole comfort. It was her melancholy delight to catalogue these relics of what she was wont to consider her palmy time; to array herself in the most gorgeous mimic vestments; to represent to her own satisfaction still the characters which she was never destined to perform before others.

The Hothams courted obscurity; and, like all who have got through their property, and lived only for themselves or for each other, they easily obtained it. Only one visitor was ever seen to enter their door. The Reverend Applepy Swete came to place his heart at the disposal of Nina, in spite of all that had come and gone. She received him very kindly, and indeed with a greater appearance of affection than she had at any time exhibited towards him; but it was only to dismiss him for ever. Anxiety, disappointment, and, more than all, disgrace, had undermined the poor girl's constitution to an extent that no physician could remedy. She had only a few months in which to live—and she knew it. She told him this, with an earnestness against which he did not dare to hope.

She found it much harder to persuade her brother—always anxious to believe pleasant things about her—that her case was indeed so bad; but, at last, even he was brought to believe it.

"If I had years and years to live, dear Cecil," cried she, one day when she had grown very weak and ill, "they would be all too short to prove how grateful my heart feels to you; it has been a selfish, foolish, blinded heart, all along, I fear."

"Hush, hush!" he whispered, fondly, "I have done nothing which my judgment has not approved. To me you are as great as you are dear. We have done with all that now, but only yesterday, when you spoke those noble words as a queen should speak them, and looked every inch a queen, and felt—"

"Hush, hush, dear brother," she murmured, "no more of this. I will act no part with my own Cecil again. You have been deceived, and I have deceived myself. We two have both been wrong; you through love, and I through shameful vanity. I am no actress, and no genius; have no wisdom, power, nor truth. I am a poor, weak, sinful girl, who has ruined the kindest brother the world ever saw."

Yet, when Nina died, her brother missed not only Nina, but a being of infinite radiance, knowledge, skill. He never lost his faith in her, dead or alive. And, when he died himself—which was not long afterwards—the effects belonging to him which were found most religiously preserved, tied up and sealed, were certain monstrous boxes filled with theatrical gewgaws.

LOVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The storm drives o'er the face of heaven,
The sleet falls thick and fast,
The frightened leaves are wildly driven
Before the maniac blast.

But there is sunshine in my heart,
And sweet bird melody,
Here Love dwells from the world apart—
The angel Love with me.

The winter wind may rave and moan
Around the door and eaves;
The vine may sigh alone, alone,
Bewailing her dead leaves.

What reck I while the purple light
Of Love around me gleams,
And the star of faith, serene and bright,
Upon my pathway beams!

Pittsburg, Pa. E. A. M.

A SHARP HOUSEKEEPER.

I never see the reason why your smart housekeepers must of necessity be Xantippes. I once had the misfortune to be domesticated during the summer months with one of this genus.

I should like to have seen the adventurous spider that would have dared to ply his cunning trade in Mrs. Parriott's premises. Nobody was allowed to sleep a wink beneath the roof. Even the old rooster crowed an hour earlier than any of his neighbors. "Go ahead!" was written on every broomstick in the establishment.

She gave her husband his breakfast, buttoned him up in his overcoat, and put him out of the door, with his face in the direction of the store, in less time than I have taken to tell it. Then she snatched up six little Parriotts, scrubbed their faces up and down without regard to feelings or pug noses, till they shone like a row of milk cans.

"Clear the track!" was her motto on washing days. She never drew a long breath till the wash-tubs were turned bottom upward again, and every article of wearing apparel sprinkled, folded, ironed, and placed on the backs of their respective owners. It always gave me a stitch in the side to look at her.

As to her "cleaning days," I never had courage to witness one. I had to lay under an apple tree in the orchard till she was through. A whole platoon of soldiers wouldn't have frightened me so much as that virago and her mop.

You should have seen her in her glory on baking days," her sleeves rolled up to her arm-pits, and a long check apron swathed round her bolster-like figure; the great oven blazing, glowing and sparkling in a manner very suggestive to a lazy sinner like myself.

The interminable row of greased pie plates, and pans of rough-and-ready ginger-bread, and pots of pork and beans, in an edifying state of progression; and the immense embryo loaves of brown and wheaten bread. To my innocent inquiry whether she thought the latter would rise, she set her skinny arms akimbo, marched up within kissing distance of my face, cocked her head on one side, and asked if "I thought she looked like a woman to be trifled with by a loaf of bread?" The way I settled down into my slippers without a reply, probably convinced her that I was no longer skeptical on that point.

Saturday evening she employed in winding up everything that was unwound in the house—the entry clock included. From that time till Monday morning she devoted herself to her husband and Sabbatical exercise. All I have to say is, that it is to be hoped she carried some of the fervor of her secular employment into those halcyon hours.

One of the "Merchant Princes" of New York.—He was born at Hubbletown, Connecticut, in the year 1802. By the time he was ten years old (and very old, indeed, he was at that time of life,) he had made one hundred and sixty-five bargains, barters and dickers in shoestrings, peg-tops and jack-knives, and had amassed the sum of five dollars and fifty-three cents. At the age of eleven, he entered the store of Grab and Ketchum, in his native town, and continued therein as a clerk until he had reached the age of fifteen years, and accumulated the sum of two hundred and five dollars and thirty-two cents. Investing this amount in potatoes and dried pumpkins, he set sail in a Stonington sloop for New York, and with his entire possessions landed at Fulton Market in the year 1817. Since that time he has passed through the several professions of vegetable purveyor, fish vender, general merchant, bank president and solid man, and is now considered a magnate and millionaire. He was never indicted for stealing, nor accused of infidelity. He was never troubled with an ultra idea, never had an unselfish aspiration, never went out of his way to do a charitable act, never bothered himself with romance, sentiment or art, never spoke two consecutive sentences in a grammatical manner, never looked at the stars over his head or the flowers under his feet. He is some fifty-six years of age, bald, bilious, and not especially amiable. He has just built a large brick house, veneered with brown stone, and furnished it with satin wood and brocatelle, and hung the walls with paintings, evidently by very old, and, indeed, quite decrepit masters, and set up a carriage. He has achieved a fine social position, and is now considered a most desirable match for any virgin in New York.—*N. Y. Post.*

Thinking Aloud.—The play was "Hamlet," and great amusement was afforded by a little bit of eccentricity in the principal performer, an amateur from a Glasgow dramatic club. This gentleman had acquired a great habit of *quoting* Shakspeare, and invariably, after a recitation, out came the customary "Shakspeare." He became so forgetful of being in the middle of "Hamlet," that, after one of his best soliloquies, as usual, the quotation must be given, and in a moment, to the astonishment of both audience and brother actors, there rolled from his mouth the sonorous mark indicative of his author—"Shakspeare." The effect of such a thing cannot be given on paper, but it was excessively ludicrous.—*Confessions of a Strolling Player.*

Useful Receipts.

Receipt for Curing Hams.—I send you the following recipe for curing hams, as a valuable addition to those heretofore published:

6 pounds salt; 2 ounces saltpetre; 1½ ounce potash; 2 pounds brown sugar, or ¼ gallon molasses; 1 ounce red pepper. These ingredients, dissolved in five gallons of water, constitute a brine which should be poured on 100 pounds of hams, already packed and closely fitted in a water-tight cask;—the hams having been previously rubbed with salt and thoroughly aired two days before being put into the cask.

After immersion from four to six weeks (according to size) they should be hung up by the skin of the shank, and, when smoked sufficiently, covered with paper; then put in bags and hung, hock downwards. The whole process completed before the warm days of March.

The above has been practised with uniform success by the people of Albemarle county, Virginia, and is the recipe of *Mr.* S. W. Ficklin, of that locality.—C. Q. T., *in American Farmer.*

Another Receipt for Hams.—The following is also said to be excellent:

To 1,000 pounds of meat, put 3 pecks fine Liverpool salt and 4 pounds saltpetre. Put neither pepper, sugar nor molasses with the foregoing. Pack in a cask, the bottom of which must be perforated with holes, to allow the drip of bloody water to pass off. Let remain three weeks, and then smoke *every morning* with good green hickory wood, using a box stove placed in a room, or elsewhere, and separated from the meat a sufficient distance, *so that the smoke may be cooled* before it comes in contact with the meat. Sew up in canvass bags the latter part of February, but by no means later, for fear the fly should appear some mild day.

Still Another—The Ne Plus Ultra Ham.—The following is the receipt for curing the "Ne plus Ultra" ham, which was sent in by the owner to the Committee of the Maryland State Society at its late annual exhibition. The ham bore off the first prize:

"Take a single pound of pepper, four times as much of salt, two ounces of good allspice, and a quart of barley malt: potash, about two ounces, saltpetre twice as much; one pound of good white sugar, which feels sandy to the touch; a little common soda, (to make the lean more mellow,) and prevent the fatty part of meat from becoming yellow. Put these in filtered water, (five gallons is enough) and boil them altogether—what a precious mess of stuff! Skim off the foreign matter as it is not fit to eat, when you will have the brine, for one hundred pounds of meat. You need not stop to cool it, it is all the better hot, but pour it, *sans ceremonie*, directly from the pot; there let the meat for thirty days, lie soaking in this brine, (but just add a small nutmeg, and a pint of glycerine.) Then take it from the pickling tub, and wash it in cold water. Next hang it up to smoke, ten days, 'leastwise' I think you ought to; burn maple, oak, corn cobs or tan, most any wood will do; the old fogy song, 'bout hickory wood, I don't believe is true; don't smoke while wind comes from the east, or south-east or south; for take my word that meat will taste quite bitter in the mouth; but choose it north, north-west or west, your meat will then smoke right, and not present, as t'other would, a very ugly plight: you then will have an article, that will the palate tickle; I'm sure you will agree with me, that 'tis a pretty pickle. You think the next thing to be told is how to keep it good; that surely is not difficult, if once 'tis understood—sew it up in canvass and suspend, but not quite to the skies, you'll keep it thus secure against the rats, mice, bugs and flies. Now don't you think this last is plain, plain as plain need be, I think it is so very plain, a blind man it would see. I would go on to tell you the use of each ingredient, but that I am inclined to think, that is not expedient; suffice it that I here have told the way 'to save one's bacon,' if tain't believed, I hope you will, please ask Professor Aikan. And now, Dear Messrs. Judges, if you'll award a prize to 'Ne plus Ultra,' (that's the name) I'll think you're very wise; but if you don't, look out for squeals, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll ne'er cut up another hog, unless I think of you. Very respectfully,

"Mrs. D. Brown."

P. S.—The ham I send is very small, six pounds I think it weighs, I would have sent a larger one, and will "one of these days." 'Twas all I had, 'twas "Hobson's choice," I hope it's very good, *tho' 'pon my honor, Genis, it was the Runt pig of the Brood.* D. B.

Making Sausages.—Having experimented for a term of years, we think we have perfected a rule that will never fail to make sausages of the finest flavor. Pass your meat, (without freezing,) through your meat cutter, put it into a kettle, and place it on a stove or over a moderate fire. Off with your coat, roll up your sleeves, go into it with both hands, and stir it, being careful not to let it cook or burn on the bottom, while the second person adds the following:—For 10 pounds meat, 3 large tablespoons of salt; 5 of sage; 2 of summer savory; 3 of black pepper, 1 teaspoonful of saltpetre, pulverized or dissolved; ½ pound sugar. Stir until the seasoning is thoroughly incorporated with the meat, then pack in deep earthern dishes or tin pans. Set away to cool. The next day, *or* soon after, warm lard so that it will spread with a case knife and make a coating over the meat and it will keep any reasonable length of time fresh and sweet. Should you wish to preserve any until warm weather, take fine brown paper, cut it a little larger than the surface of your dish, wet it on one side with the white of an egg, lay it on egg side down, pressing it gently with the hand, letting the edge come over the edge of the dish which will soon adhere and exclude all air. Keep it in a cool, *dry* place. Readers, try it.—J. W. Collins, *in Rural New Yorker.*

To Prevent Rabbits Girdling Trees.—A good protection is afforded by narrow strips of cotton cloth, wound about the bodies, as high as the rabbits can reach, to be removed in the spring. If the cloth is then dried, and put away carefully, it will last a number of years, or until the trees have outgrown all danger.—*Country Gentleman.*

IDEAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MISS H. E. SEARS, M. D.

The convent with its massive walls of stone,
Stands gray and silent 'mid the city fair,
And with the outer life bleudeth no tone,
Save of the ringing of the bell to prayer;
Like a great heart-throb going up to God,
It maketh hush amid the roar and din,
Speaking of paths of peace that may be trod,
Of sure retreat from life's dark woe and sin.

And peaceful are the hours within those walls—
The soul withdrawn from all unquietness,
In the blest solitude that round her falls,
Can sound the depths of her own happiness;
While lifting her dim, penitent eyes to heaven,
Slowly she apprehends, and wonderingly,
How she hath been beloved, and how forgiven,
As the full key-note of her destiny.

And the deep, silent joy, the holy calm
Of God's infinitude rests down upon her;
A heart all torn and bleeding brings her balm:
From grief and woe and ruin Christ hath won her.
In heavenward contemplation, now unheard
Are earth's harsh noises; the sweet reverie
Is broke no more by passion's tumult stirred,
Or by the wails of sad Humanity.

Sweet convent life! without those walls of stone,
Existence may be made a happy dream—
The joys of solitude when fully known,
Refresh the soul, whatever be the theme
Of reverie or thought: nature or art,
The inspiration blest of poesy,
Or the deep holy bliss that fills the heart
In thoughts of God and immortality.

And some, from ordinary walks of life,
Enshrine themselves thus in a calm ideal,
In quiet beauty walk, amid the strife,
The sights and sounds discordant of the real;
Yet while I envy such, I am forbid
To follow, by stern inward questioning,
Whether God's talents in the darkness hid,
Be not demanded with their reckoning?

Whether the guilt and squalor and the pain,
That round us lie, but do not penetrate
Our artist-life, may not, like curse of Cain,
Make a dread shadow on our after fate?
"Where is thy brother?" on the startled soul
Ringing in tones of thunder, wakes the sleeper
From dreams of selfishness that held control,
To stammer forth, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Thy brother's keeper! saith thy weak defence:
Love in thy Arctic palace hath no room,
Sitting apart in cold magnificence,
Leaving thy brother in his crime and gloom!
Love gathers up the sunbeams of the heart,
And sheds them sweetly on the lowliest,
And cannot revel in a joy apart,
While one is left, of God or man unblest.

Thee! Contemplation! life is all too short,
For its brief hours to be devote to thee.
While my soul coveteth the lone resort,
My steps must seek the haunts of misery.
Must recognise the glorious Son of God,
In person of a follower weak and lowly,
No rugged track of duty leave untrod,
Finding in pain and toil the high and holy.

Harrisburg, Dec., 1858.

THE HUNTER AND THE ELEPHANTS

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An English merchant by the name of Harrison, formed in 1802, a company for the purpose of procuring ivory. The counting-room was established at Sourabaia.

A hundred skillful hunters were engaged and sent in a vessel to Algoa Bay, with orders to advance upon the shore and surround the elephants on the side of those savage deserts which border the Lake of Makidas, and which are everywhere bristling with sugar-canes planted by Nature, that great provider for elephants.

Harrison wished to command the first expedition himself. He was an Englishman, of thirty-four, born in India, and possessing all the instincts of a savage, with all the faculties of a civilized man; so he inspired great confidence in the adventurers who accompanied him. They followed him with blind ardor, because they knew he had always acquired fame and fortune.

One day when the wind was blowing from Mount Lupata, that backbone of the world, our hunters fearing no betrayal by human exhalations, so subtly scented by the elephants in spite of distances, ventured to penetrate a sparse forest, where the dense and arching vines, like natural galleries, betokened the frequent passage of these colossi of creation. They travelled three or four miles without discovering anything; but very soon in an immense clearing, they perceived three elephants, immoveable, like those of the subterranean temples of India. One of them suddenly gave signs of uneasiness, as if he felt the ground agitated by the tread of unknown enemies, and uttered a dull and prolonged cry as if to order a retreat. The intrepid Harrison whispered to his neighbor: "There is an ivory mine!" And he set himself about obtaining it.

By one of those caprices so frequent in African Nature, vegetation here ceased, and a fearful barrenness suddenly revealed to the hunters sharp rocks, unfathomable abysses, valleys of sombre granite, a bare and desolate horizon, which resembled the immense crater of a volcano recently extinguished by a geological convulsion. At the entrance of a very narrow valley, might be seen gray masses resembling enormous fragments of rocks fallen from the mountain; but when the sun, emerging from the clouds, shone on them, life was seen beneath this semblance of granite; it was the immoveable van-guard of the elephants of Williakarma.

Harrison, who thought himself a skillful general, because he was courageous, made then a miscalculation in strategy. Deceived by the configuration of the country, and unacquainted with the geological freaks of interior Africa, he thought the elephantine troop had stupidly entrenched itself in a sort of corridor without outlet, in a granite valley, where he might easily reap a harvest of ivory, by driving them with the carbine to its farthest recesses. This was judging elephants very unfairly. The Romans, under Consul Pontius, committed in the defiles of Candium, the fault anticipated by our English hunter; but elephants are more provident than were the Romans. The valley had an outlet, and communicated with the chain of Lupata.

"We will commence with the van-guard," thought the leader Harrison, "and afterwards attack the whole band by the two declivities of the valley, firing down upon them."

And giving to the hunters the preconcerted signal, he fired, and a hundred carbines went off at once to kill three elephants.

The noise of saltpetre had never before resounded in this region; the echoes of the solitude repeated it to infinity, and all sorts of savage cries, of bird songs, of wild roarings mingled with the echoes, and made interior Africa speak a language unknown to the inheritors of Shem, Ham and Japhet.

To these sounds of the solitude soon succeeded a frightful hurricane, which was no other than the concert of the anger of the elephants, the legitimate residents of this desert, revolting against an odious usurpation. The indignation of these colossi vibrated in the air and agitated the epidermis of the hunters like a shower of electric sparks. The bravest trembled, and dared not re-load their arms; Harrison alone retained his sang froid, and sought to distinguish the enemy through the dense smoke of the carbines. It quickly cleared away and showed to the hunters six elephants who were charging upon the ivory-seekers. There was then a general *sauve qui peut*; Harrison attempted to rally the fugitives, but panic terror has no ears; the army abandoned its leader, and disappeared in the labyrinth of the woods.

Elephants, though more agile than horses, disdain to pursue their enemies. The game is not worth it. They contented themselves with surrounding Harrison with their trunks to prevent his flight. One of these colossi had been wounded in the ear, and the elephant always distinguishes the hand which has struck him. Harrison was the only culprit; all the other carbines had missed.

The wounded elephant marched gravely towards his assassin, and the slowness of his pace would have been quickly changed into a gallop if Harrison had taken flight. At this terrible moment, the bravest would have lost courage; so the determination which the hunter formed cannot be considered an act of cowardice; as he saw the colossus march towards him, and followed with a bewildered eye the undulations of this threatening troop, Harrison fell on his knees, clasped his hands, and assumed a supplicating air, as he would have done before an absolute monarch to ask a pardon or sue for a reprieve. It is said that lions are sensitive to manifestations of politeness; so we need not be astonished if elephants comprehend repentance, and are susceptible of magnanimity. The elephant stopped before Harrison, and appeared to reflect a few minutes. Reflection travels quickly through the vast brain of these giants. The hunter recited his last prayer, and commended his soul to God. The other elephants remained at a distance and observed all with their little eyes. This grand scene of the desert had no other witness than the sun, who would be the most curious of historians if he could write all he has seen in mute solitudes.

The elephant delicately seized Harrison with the end of his trunk, made him describe a circle in the air, then placed him astride upon his neck; after which the gigantic quadruped uttered a little cry, and marched towards the valley.

The others followed, as if they had divined the thought of their friend. Harrison, carrying his carbine in his shoulder-belt, and perched on the colossus, continued his prayer; for he presumed that only a reprieve had been granted, and that his execution would take place afterwards, in presence of the whole colony, to amuse these great idlers of the desert.

Another one of the errors which man commits when he dares to put the routine of his own customs in parallel with the good sense of the colossi of creation. We calumniate their intelligence in supposing them capable of killing a man in order to amuse elephant spectators. Harrison was, however, very excusable if he was mistaken at so fearful a moment; he was not seated, like Buffon, with his laces, in a good easy chair in his study before an engraving of Lejay, representing an elephant and his cornac; the unfortunate hunter was paying in his own person the errors of his zoological observations: we must excuse him.

We must submit to what we cannot prevent; Harrison therefore allowed himself to be guided by his invincible enemy.

The elephant crossed the valley, and marching always with the confident step of one who is sure of his ground, he entered a magnificent forest, pierced with gloomy arcades of the height of an elephant, and which seemed to be the central domain of the colony. If the hunter had been free from anxiety, he would have admired this primitive nature which surrounded him with her marvels. The trees, contemporary with the first days of creation, formed everywhere impenetrable vaults, and resounded with the songs of birds; springs of living water gushed from the moss, and formed little lakes or warbling rivulets; a thousand unknown flowers, daughters of the burning African zone, decorated the trunks of the trees with superb arabesques, and perfumed the solitudes; an exquisite coolness rejoiced the soul and body, and made one doubt, even under the tropic, the existence of the sun. Alas! a criminal on his way to execution could not enjoy so many pleasures and so much splendor.

They arrived at an immense rotunda of verdure, where lived a numerous family of elephants in the midst of a profound peace, and very far from tigers and lions, neighbors little formidable, but very annoying. The mothers appeared to take a lively pleasure in the joyous gambols of their little ones, on the thick turf, or in the fresh waters of the lake, enamelled with the blossoms of the water-lily; the fathers, more grave, occupied themselves with their domestic duties; they detached with their trunks the bread-fruit, which their children could not yet reach, and several were seen to return bearing sheaves of sugar-cane to the storehouse of provisions. The most perfect harmony reigned in this little savage state, where every one was at the same time a monarch and a slave to his duty.

The wounded elephant gently deposited his prisoner on the turf, and was received by his brethren with great demonstrations of joy.—These colossi, who had never seen men, did not deign to notice the dwarf he had brought to the colony, which at that moment disturbed very little the self-esteem of Harrison. The hunter, free in his movements, looked around him to discern some narrow and tortuous path which might favor his flight; but he immediately perceived that the watchword had been given; four elephants guarded him, with trunks uplifted, like sentinels ready to fire on a fugitive prisoner.

On the turf where the hunter resignedly seated himself, bread-fruit, sugar-cane and all the excellent products of these wild orchards were heaped in abundance, a stream of living water flowed near; one need not then fear to die of hunger or thirst in this elephantopolis of the desert; but another death was constantly imminent; it is so easy for a colossus of this country to give a slight blow of his trunk on the nose of a hunter, and all is over.

Harrison, therefore, feared this accident, but by degrees became reassured as he saw the benevolent disposition of the troop; he even dared make his first repast, for he was dying of hunger and thirst. No elephant disturbed the hunter in this important act of his life; those who were nearest the green tablecloth where his frugal meal was spread out, appeared, on the contrary, very joyous at seeing their guest satisfy largely the demands of his thirst and his appetite. Everything went well; but man, being never satisfied with his condition since Eden, Harrison, satiated and reassured, attempted to divine the intention of the elephants; for these animals, carefully observed by him, have always an object, and do nothing for the pleasure of doing nothing.

A certain agitation was soon manifested in the troop, and a sound of heavy steps shook the ground where the hunter was resting.—Four elephants, who seemed to be chiefs in the colony, shook their trunks and uttered hollow murmurs. The younger ones continued to sport thoughtlessly on the grass, but the parents appeared very anxious.

However, no movement appeared to be aimed at the hunter, which redoubled his fears, for, thought Harrison, it is impossible that so many giants would demean themselves thus to proceed to the execution of a dwarf of my species; something more serious must therefore be in agitation; their subtle trunks have smelt an invasion of wild beasts; I am about to witness a battle of lions and elephants, and in the melee shall be certain to receive a blow with a trunk or claw; I must then profit by the general commotion and escape. This time I shall not be noticed.

Having thought thus, Harrison crept along the grass like a cunning serpent, to gain the extremity of the gallery; his gaolers immediately advanced with trunks uplifted, but cautiously, and made him understand that his project of escape was discovered, and that he must renounce it under pain of death.

"This is strange!" thought the hunter; "how does it happen that at a moment so solemn, at the approach of a formidable battle, such as the bulletins of history have never described, these elephants should still deign to be occupied with me?"

Then he assumed a very humble attitude, and expressed by his gestures his intention to remain.

The ground still trembled beneath invisible feet, but too heavy to betoken an invasion of lions, if the observer had been calm. The elephants turned their glances in the direction of the sound, and their attitudes became more uneasy than threatening. What an enigma for a compromised naturalist!

At last one elephant issued from an arcade, then another, then a third; the new comers were received with lively manifestations of joy, and at the same instant shrill cries, which might have been bursts of laughter from the infernal regions, resounded on the trees of the rotunda. Harrison then comprehended the kind of invasion which the elephants feared: an army of large monkeys had just alighted on the neighboring branches, and were executing an intolerable concert; then these horrible quadrumana gathered cocoa-nuts, and threw them at the heads of the elephants, with the address of clowns, and the laughter was redoubled along the line. It was indeed a spectacle of pity, to see those noble animals thus tormented in their peaceful lives by these ignoble creatures, always sure of impunity.

This is humanity! We think these good elephants happy in the midst of their dense forests, on the banks of their lakes, peaceful and wise; enjoying their strength, and never using it against their neighbors; all living in the bosom of their families; mute patriarchs, who have had the privilege of speaking no language, which saves them from each other's calumny and insult; well, it is written that happiness shall be eternally absent from earth! Monkeys were created to trouble these grave and mild philosophers in their sports, their repasts, their friendships, their lives. It has often been asked what was the use of these large monkeys. They serve this purpose: they poison the lives of elephants.

Such was the reflection of the hunter; naturalists may find it paradoxical, which gives it a chance to be true at an early day.

The harsh and railing tumult which at this moment desolated this beautiful solitude had not arrived at its height. Clouds of winged actors seemed to drop from the sky to do their part in the horrible concert; this was an auxiliary invasion, that of parrots of every form, every shade, every idiom known to the desert. These parasite birds accompany the monkeys, their purveyors, to pick up the shells of the nuts cracked by their iron jaws, and pay for their repast by imitating all the cries, all the noises, all the gamuts of animals and of solitude. This harsh tempest, formed by the cries of the monkeys and the imitations of the parrots, annoyed the delicate sense of hearing of these poor elephants, and compelled even the younger ones to suspend their infantile sports. It was then that the elephant wounded by Harrison advanced towards the hunter and gave him an expressive look.

In his quality of man, the hunter did not at first at all understand the mute request of the elephant; he reflected, looked at the summit of the trees and then at the turf, and discovered nothing, which excited little tremors of impatience in the colossus. How stupid is man! he would have said, if he could have spoken.

And if the elephant, endowed with speech, and acquainted with ancient history, had added anything to his exclamation so uncomplimentary to human intelligence, he might have said:—In the year 281, Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, thinking himself not strong enough to attack the Romans, summoned elephants to his assistance, and with the aid of these, defeated the Romans at the battle of Heraclea; well! stupid Harrison, if I have forgiven you for my wound, if I have not killed you with a blow from my trunk, if I have conducted you hither, among us, do you think it was to show you as a curiosity to my brethren? Do you not divine my intention? Do you think me less intelligent than Pyrrhus, King of Epirus? We have need of you to put to flight our monkeys, which poison the happiness of our lives. Come, use the weapon which was so skillful in wounding an elephant, use your address to render a service to honest people, undeservedly persecuted.

The idea suddenly illuminated the brain of Harrison: at last he comprehended! and an expression of gratified pride appeared on his countenance; he was about to render an important service to the elephants, his friends!

In his turn the hunter attempted to make himself understood by his interlocutor, for, fearing the anger of the monkeys, he needed a solid intrenchment and a shelter, which would permit him to fire on the maranders with impunity.

The elephant immediately comprehended the hunter, and placed him between his two tusks and beneath his uplifted trunk. Protected by this inaccessible fortification, Harrison took his double-barrelled gun, selected the two quadrumana leaders, who were balancing at the extremity of a long branch, bordered by an arabesque of paroquets, with the cries and the grimaces of demons, and fired twice.

A single but formidable cry was heard; a cry followed immediately by absolute silence, as if the creatures who had uttered it had been at the same moment stifled by an electric strangulation. An immense cloud of parrots rose on the summits of the trees, like a painted dome, and divided itself immediately into a thousand fragments, as if a gust of wind had just dissolved it into air. It was one of those marvellous spectacles which interior Africa keeps for herself, or delivers only to heroic adventurers who dare to surprise her in the formidable mystery of her shadows or her sunshine.

The inexhaustible echoes of the chain of Lupata seized this double detonation, repeating it to infinity, and the colonies of lions scattered among the caverns of this artery of the globe, responded by roars to this first sound of conquest and of civilization.

The hunter had not wasted his two shots; the two monkeys fell dead on the turf. Two elephants ran, seized them with their trunks, and flung them adroitly towards the higher branches as if to deliver them to the examination of their families and friends. There was then an explosion of lugubrious and almost human lamentations; a whole nation seemed to be groaning in chorus over the death of an adored sovereign. But the hunter did not allow himself to be moved by this desolation of the monkeys, and reloading his carbine, picked out two more who seemed to be leaders. After each double discharge, the trunks, always skilful, gathered up the dead and sent them to the branches, where they fell into the arms of the desolate survivors. It then became necessary to sound a retreat; the most cowardly gave a sharp signal; the groves were quickly shaken in every leaf, as if by an inward tempest, and the mournful howls of this mourning people by degrees died away in the solitude, awakening in thicket and cane families of monsters, who, since the creation of the world, had never before been disturbed in their peaceful noon-day nap.

Harrison, in his quality of man, assumed the posture of a conqueror, as if he was prepared to receive the homage of the elephants, his friends.

These colossi, modest by nature, seemed not to notice the proud attitude of Harrison, and expressed their gratitude to their deliverer by offering him the finest fruits within reach of their trunks, and which, suspended to the extremities of flexible branches, could not be gathered by man.

Joy pervaded the bosom of the elephantine colony; the mothers caressed their children; lovers formed projects of happiness, which no jealous monkey could disturb; the old promised themselves a tranquil death; the little ones gave themselves up to all sorts of gambols; they gathered flowers, they nipped the grass, inhaled the water of the lake, and flung it in wreaths among the trees; the happy mothers contemplated this pleasant sight with humid eyes, blessing the adroit Pyrrhus who had secured for them this repose.

After the first hours granted to the gratification of pride, Harrison reflected and became sad. Not fearing to speak aloud, he addressed to himself this soliloquy:

"All goes well, I confess; I am king of a kingdom of elephants my friends, who will torment me by their gratitude, and imprison me in the circle of their affection, a circle of impassable trunks. What is to become of me? Am I to eat pleasant fruits and drink sweet waters all my life? To live alone, at thirty years, amid this society of quadrupeds, seems impossible. I must therefore seek to escape. A gentleman is not made to look after a troop of elephants and to defend them against monkeys all his life. I will return to my friends, and choose a favorable wind and the darkest night."

The elephants had already divined the thought of the hunter; nevertheless, they performed their part as gaolers with infinite delicacy; they had the air of placing themselves as if by chance, at every outlet, and left unguarded only the thick and inextricable walls which the forest elevated everywhere in its virgin wildness.

Occasionally the spirit of business would afford our hunter a salutary distraction; he had before his eyes a fortune, a mine of ivory which he valued at sixteen thousand pounds sterling; never had a hunter seen so much ivory promenading around him.

Next to hope, resignation is the most precious gift which God has bestowed upon our souls. The hunter resigned himself, and thenceforth confided to Providence the care of his life. His only hope was in gaining the confidence of the elephants, to deceive it at the first opportunity. All his thoughts were concentrated on this object. He devoted himself therefore to their service and amusement; he took care of the children and the infirm; swam in the lake on their backs; prepared sugar-cane for the little ones, by stripping off the peel, and dipped bunches of it in the water of the springs, which imparted to it an exquisite sweetness. The elephants were very grateful for these favors, but unfortunately poor Harrison grew fearfully thin after every too frugal repast. It therefore became necessary for him to employ all his remaining strength to support the fatigue of an escape.

While rendering services to the elephants, Harrison had accustomed them to seeing him climb trees in search of parrots' nests for their amusement. Fortunately, he was acquainted with the Indian method of traversing a dense forest without touching the ground. One evening, a little before sunset, and after a repast as substantial as possible, the hunter made his customary ascension among the high branches, and this time resolved to perish, if need be, by the claw of a lion or the trunk of a friend, cleared a path among the boughs with the agility of despair, and soon arrived at the borders of the forest, at the entrance to the sterile valley. There he stopped only a moment to wash in a stream his bare feet and hands, rent by his rough passage through the trees, and marched towards the east with a rapid step, guiding himself by the constellations, those natural compasses of the desert. He only could describe all the incidents of this burning march, which stopped only at Algoa Bay, where lay a ship, the Bird, destined for Surat. It will be imagined with what joy the hunter was received by his countrymen, especially when he had communicated his wonderful adventures. Harrison remained at Surat but four months; he was then summoned to the palace of the Governor, at Calcutta, by Sir William Bentinck, and appointed grand huntsman, with a salary of five hundred pounds. As long as he lived, he never forgot his adventure among the elephants.

A WONDERFUL PENMAN.—The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune writes as follows:

"There is a writing master here, one Thaforet by name, who has such a command of his pen that he is able to copy a bank-note, in all of its details, with such nicety as to defy the tellers of the bank themselves. A collector of curiosities called on M. Thaforet one day, and asked him for a five hundred franc note. 'Willingly,' replied the writing master, 'but I must tell you I shall charge two thousand francs for it, and the original is always better than my copy.' And Louis Philippe's children had a writing master named Sylvestre, who copied a thousand franc note so exactly that it was impossible to tell it from the genuine. He gave it to the Count d'Argout, who was then the Governor of the Bank of France. 'M. Sylvestre,' replied the Governor, as he held the note in his hand, 'accept this original note of a thousand francs for your copy, which we shall keep in our archives: but do not be astonished if we instantly place you and keep you for life under the surveillance of the police.' And the Count d'Argout did as he said. Sylvestre was obliged to appeal to Louis Philippe before he could have this disagreeable measure annulled."

SINGULAR WILL.—An inhabitant of Montgaillard, who died in 1822, left the following testament:—"It is my will that any of my relations who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited; he, on the other hand, who laughs the most heartily, shall be sole heir. I order that neither the church nor my house shall be hung with black cloth; but that on the day of my burial the house and church shall be decorated with flowers and green boughs. Instead of the tolling of bells, I will have drums, fiddles, and fifes. All the musicians of Montgaillard and its environs shall attend the funeral. Fifty of them shall open the procession with hunting tunes, waltzes and minuets." This singular will created the more surprise, as the deceased had always been denominated by his family the Misanthrope, on account of his gloomy and reserved character.—*Notes and Queries.*

SPURGEON AND GRATTAN GUINNESS.—There is an amusing anecdote, which we have heard on good authority, relative to these gentlemen, which is so singular and characteristic that we are sure our readers will thank us for making it public. Mr. Guinness, wishing to see the noted London preacher, called at his house. The servant, as usual, asked, "What name, please sir?" "Say," said Mr. G., "a servant of Christ." The message was duly delivered; but Mr. Spurgeon, from some cause or other, did not wish to be troubled with company, and therefore delivered himself thus: "Hum! a servant of Christ, did the gentleman say?" "Yes, sir," replied the domestic. "Then tell him, with my compliments, that I am engaged with his Master, and cannot see him to day."—*Glasgow Commonwealth.*

MAN AND HIS CONDITIONS.—In Macculloch's letter to Sir Walter Scott is the following:—"'What a piece of work is man!' He certainly is, master Shakspeare. Because his pulse takes a fancy to beat 82 instead of 72, he is unable, in twelve hours, to sit up in his bed; and, when he gets out of it at length to enjoy the fresh air, must hold fast by the wall he could have jumped over a few days before. If the pulse continues rebellious, the carpenter comes and nails him up in a box, and all his half-finished schemes are at an end. Some one says, that if a watchmaker's productions did not go better, he would get very little work."

HOW JOHN WOLFE GOT HIS WIFE.

A delightful evening was passed by all parties; and when John Wolfe was ushered by the old lady to the state bed-room, and had lain himself between the whitest pair of sheets that were ever bleached on the Vermont snows, he was so full of pleasant fancies and joyous hopes that he could not go to sleep for hours. However, toward morning he dozed off, and, as will happen at such times, his day dreams turned themselves into night dreams, and he found himself again travelling up the rugged paths of the White Mountains, with laughing Jane Pinkerton at his side, joking and joyous together, lifting her sometimes over some rough obstacle in the path, and then again fairly carrying her across some big drift of snow which the summer sun had not been able to penetrate near enough to wake up; and so on and on, until wearied out, they stood to gaze upon the magnificent prospect below and around them. Suddenly, John thought he was on his knees before her, pouring out a torrent of passionate words, declaring that life, and hope, and happiness dwelt only where, &c., when, before he could get an answer, or know whether the dear girl smiled or frowned, behold he woke up. He was dreadfully mortified at first, but presently recollecting where he was, and seeing it was broad daylight, he jumps out of bed, makes his morning ablutions, and dresses himself in great haste, determined to wait no longer for an answer than it would take him to find the object of his dream. Down stairs he goes and into the parlor; she is not there—looks into the garden, but does not see her, when suddenly bethinking such a notable dame might be a good housewife, he starts for the kitchen—where, forsooth, he finds her, singing like a bird, elbow-deep in the bread trough, kneading away for dear life. John's heavy tread betrayed the intruder, and she looked up.

"Do you want to learn to make johnnycake, Mr. Wolfe?" she exclaimed, merrily.

"No," said John, rather seriously, for, like a man of deep and earnest feeling as he was, he felt that he approached a crisis in his life; "no, I do not—my johnnycake is mixed already—I only want to know whether I can get it?"

The widow did not know what to make of it.

"Well," said she, "I do not know any reason why you should not."

"That," replied John, "is what I want to find out; and as you know, my dear friend, that two heads are better than one, I have come to consult you about it."

So, to make the matter plain to her, he related his dream to its termination.

"And now, Jane," said he, "I am here for an answer. Will you be my johnnycake? Yes or no."

Jane held her head down while he spoke, blushing celestial rosy red—as is quite proper, I believe, on such occasions. But Jane's was an earnest nature, likewise, and all trifling and fun had vanished, when, looking up to him, her bright eyes brimming full of joyous tears, she gave him just one of the sweetest kisses he ever had in his life.

"For ever and ever!" she cried; "for ever and ever, John, if you will have me."

THE LAW OF PROGRESS MODERN.—The law of progress is the fundamental idea which distinguishes the philosophy of our own era from all previous modes of speculation. I do not say that no trace of such an idea is to be found in classical or medieval times; no great idea of this kind comes suddenly into existence; but it certainly occupies no prominent position in any ancient system of philosophy, whether Greek or Oriental, or belonging to the latter stages of the Roman Empire. A great cycle of events, a certain circular movement of all created things ending where they be, was the favorite hypothesis of Indian philosophy, and of those European who cared to carry their speculations over vast eras of time. Our medieval thinkers were generally disposed to look upon this world as a system of things to be soon and abruptly terminated; as a system, in fact, rotten at the core, and which never could arrive to any enviable maturity.

Our present conviction of a law of indefinite progress we owe partly to the quite modern revelations of Geology, unfolding to us the gradual development that our planet has undergone, both in its inorganic and organic forms. We owe it, in part, to the rapid progress lately made in various sciences or arts which augment the power of man; and we owe it partly to that very position we occupy in the long life of the human race, by reason of which we are better able than our predecessors, to understand the significance of the past history of mankind.—*Mr. Smith's Thorndale.*

ANOTHER MILITARY UPROAR IN RHODE ISLAND.—The military of Rhode Island must be in a shocking state of insubordination, if the following are to be taken as instances of the spirit that prevails:

"A valiant colonel was sentenced by court-martial to give up his sword, which he did; but soon afterwards his astonished commander saw him at the head of his men, with an uncommonly long sword marching in all the consciousness of unquestioned rank. 'Where did you get that sword?' indignantly asked the superior officer. 'I bought it,' was the reply. The other example is a still more flagrant disregard of that militia discipline, without which the militia is of very little use. An officer had been tried by court-martial, for some offence; what it was we do not remember; perhaps for assuming the rank and duties that appertained to a higher grade. He was sentenced to be reprimanded, and to deliver up his sword for thirty days. The reprimand he bore with great equanimity; as for the sword, he informed the court that he had returned the weapon to George Baker's store, where he'd hired it at the moderate rate of four and sixpence a day, and he did not doubt that the court might obtain it on the same terms, or even at a discount from that price, in consideration of the long time for which it was wanted."

☞ From the small hollow of a dice-box arise fear, rage, convulsions, tears, oaths, blasphemies—as many evils as ever flew from the box of Pandora; and not even hope remains behind.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.

On the 4th, the Senate met at noon in the old Hall, from which the desks had been removed, and a supply of cane-seat chairs provided for the temporary accommodation of the members. The galleries and floor were crowded by a dense throng, notwithstanding the snow storm, it having been understood that the Vice President, Senator Crittenden, and others would speak.

The proceedings, as usual, were opened with prayer, and the reading of the journal.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, moved that as many ladies were unprovided with seats in the gallery, they be admitted to the floor.

Mr. Hamlin, of Maine, objected on the ground that the admission of ladies would embarrass, and, consequently the ladies were not admitted.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, submitted the report of the Committee, stating that the new chamber was ready for the Senate.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, moved the adoption of the report. The parting from this chamber he thought was an act of much solemnity. Many associations, and many of them proud and pleasant, bind us to this chamber. It has been the scene of great events. Questions of the American Constitution—questions of great national import—questions of peace and war have been debated in this chamber. Great men have been the actors. Within these walls he had seen men whose name and fame have not been surpassed in the annals of Greek or Roman history. Here he had seen Clay, and Webster, Calhoun, Lee, Wright, and others. They seem to have left on these very walls the impress of their fame. This majestic dome yet seems to echo to their voices. There are others, too, whom he would not designate, for they had not yet fulfilled their political services, but whose names are in no danger of being forgotten. When Senators remove to the new chamber, they will carry with them the inspiration of their illustrious predecessors. They will leave behind them no lots of patriotism or attachment to the Constitution. These are our household gods. They are carried with us. The new hall will be the scene of the past. There they will ever remain the Senate of the United States, the great preservative body of this great nation conserving the sovereignty of the States and the integrity of the Union.

The Vice President (Mr. Breckinridge,) addressed the Senate, giving an historical sketch of the Congress at the various seats of Government until its location at Washington. He narrated the burning of the Capitol by the British army, the assembling thereafter of Congress in Blodgett's Hotel, on the site now occupied by the General Post-Office, and finally the assembling, in 1819, in the present building. Then he went into an interesting comparison of the character of the Senate in the early days of the Government and now. Then it was almost wholly an executive body—much of its business was transacted with closed doors. The President often took part in the debates, and it was not for many years that the galleries were provided for spectators.

He spoke of the great mission the nation is fulfilling and is destined to fulfil. He urged upon Senators a due appreciation of the responsibilities resting upon them, and reviewed the Senatorial career of the great dead whose achievements in that chamber illuminate our history.

After further remarks which were listened to with rapt attention, the Senate proceeded in procession to the new Hall.

After reaching the new Hall, and while the great mass of spectators were settling themselves in their places, several memorials were presented, but owing to the noise, the precise objects of the memorials were not ascertained. They were apparently of a private nature.

Mr. Mallory, of Florida, from the Naval Committee, reported a bill to build ten additional sloops-of-war, which was laid over, Mr. Mallory saying that he would make an effort to obtain an early vote on it.

He also introduced a bill to raise the pay of officers of the navy.

The rest of the session was devoted to the discussion of Mr. Johnson's (of Tennessee) motion, instructing the Finance Committee to investigate the expenditures of the public money, and report the means to bring the expenses of the Government within the limits of a rigid economy. All agreed in the necessity for retrenchment, the only debated point being whether to refer the matter to the Finance Committee or a Special Committee of seven. Without action, the Senate went into Executive Session. Adjourned.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW SENATE CHAMBER.

The general aspect of the new Hall is light and graceful. In shape and dimensions it is similar to the new Hall of Representatives, but to the eye appears more finely proportioned. The style and character of decoration is nearly the same in both Houses, except that in the Senate the tone of color is much more subdued. The area of the floor is 80 feet by 48 feet, and of the roof 112 by 80 feet, the difference being occupied by a continuous gallery around the four sides of the apartment, and capable of seating 1,200 persons. The inner roof or ceiling, of iron, is flat, with deep pannels, 31 of which are filled with ground glass, having in the centre of each pane a colored medallion representing the printing press, steam-engine, cornucopia, and other symbols of progress and plenty. The light is supplied wholly through the window in the roof, and the effect is good, a flood of light falling on the reversed seigniors on the floor, while the galleries remain in half-shadow.

The gas apparatus is placed above the ceiling, so that the light streaming through the panes may seem like a softened effect of sunlight. The ceiling is 35 feet from the floor, but presents an appearance of greater altitude. It is encrusted with floral and other embellishments in high relief, and all of iron. The floor of the chamber is covered with 1,700 yards of tapestry carpeting, having a large pattern of flowers on a purple ground. Its effect is not unpleasing. Had time permitted, a carpet would have been manufactured of color and design to harmonize—as for instance, of red stars on a buff ground. The Vice President's desk is a modest table of mahogany, as unlike as possible to the marble bar on which the Speaker pounds. The places of Senators are arranged in three semi-circular rows around the seat of the Vice President.

The spectators' galleries are upholstered in drab damask rather too blue in tone for good effect. Ample accommodation is supplied, even to the extent of a ladies' robing room. Access to the galleries is obtained through doors of maple, inlaid with bronze. The gallery set apart for the press, is filled with desks for about twenty persons, and it is understood that no one will be permitted within it unless specially accredited by the Vice President.

When the dust of a few sessions shall have taken the gloss off it, and the *genius loci* had time to settle himself, there can be little doubt this new chamber will be found in every way more fitting than the old.

The wings of the Capitol being of the Roman Corinthian order of architecture, the interior fittings and decorations are, of course, in harmony therewith. The hall itself is approached by two grand stairways—the east of Tennessee marble; the west entirely of white marble of extreme purity. Neither is yet completed; but enough is shown by the broad marble steps, the massive balustrades of the same material, and the superb columns, with their capitals heightened with bronze, to indicate the magnificence of the design. Both stairways are lighted from the roof, with special adaptation to the walls being covered with historical paintings. This situation is considered the most favorable in the building for the execution of some works of art recording the deeds of history.

The Senators' retiring-room and ante chamber are the most highly finished rooms in the Capitol. They are in totally different styles. The retiring-room is entirely of marble, the roof supported by columns of rare beauty. It is impossible to desire any effect more chaste than this apartment presents, with the cold glitter of its walls and roof, "unadorned, adorned the most." Three mirrors, inserted as panels in the wall, are, each, of the dimensions of one hundred and twenty inches in height by sixty inches wide. The ante room is excessive in ornamentation, and is yet unfinished. The walls are divided by gilded work in *relievo*, into spaces for fresco paintings. The domed ceiling of the room is panelled, each panel being filled with a rosette of burnished gold. The four spandrils and the centre of the dome have allegorical paintings executed in a superior manner, and forming a contrast to certain medallions in another portion of the building, where one represents a celestial being with a dislocated hip, and another, the Goddess of Melancholy, dancing the bolero.

The President and Vice President's apartments, and the Committee rooms, enter from the level of the Senate floor. All are decorated. Some few are finished, but the greater number are incomplete in consequence of the action of Congress in withholding supplies. The corridors and passages are likewise in progress of embellishment. All are paved with encaustic tiles. The arched roofs are generally speaking finished in geometric designs, enclosing landscape and heraldic devices. The walls are covered with trellis-work of flowers and foliage, on which cupids and native American birds, beasts, and creeping things are ascending and descending, with more or less resemblance to nature. Some of the flower and fruit pieces are gems. They might be cut from the wall and framed as originals of Lance.

The heating and ventilating arrangements are said to be the largest in the world, those of the English House of Parliament not excepted. Every portion of the Capitol—that mountainous mass of marble—is at once ventilated and warmed by one apparatus. Eight boilers convey steam to coils set in different places of the cellarage, supplying any required degree of heat, and, at the same time, motive power to two fans in either wing. One of these fans sends continual breezes of medicated air through the smaller apartments, while the other performs the same service for the Senate Chamber. The air is graduated according to the atmospheric temperature without and the political excitement within—during a sectional debate never to exceed 90 degrees, and on ordinary occasions to range between 70 and 73 degrees. Thirty thousand cubic feet of air are circulated through the chamber per minute, which quantity may be increased to eighty thousand. The apparatus is completely under control. Any proportion of moisture may be imparted, from the delicious freshness of morning to the feeling that preludes a thunder-shower, or even till the atmosphere

"—thaw, and resolve itself into a dew."

It may be prudent to add that, as each room is furnished with flues and registers, Senators, on the first symptoms of asphyxia, can protect themselves from the indiscretion of operators.

As regards the exterior of the edifice, the ground is yet in possession of the workmen. The approaches are encumbered with materials—the fallen columns and recumbent keystones, suggestive, with no disrespect to the able officer in charge, of

"Meigs among the ruins of Carthage."

On the 5th, Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, presented a joint resolution of the Legislature of Georgia, in favor of the establishment of a National Armory in that State, and praying for additional mail facilities.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, presented the credentials of James Chestnut, Jr., as Senator from South Carolina. The usual oath was administered, and Mr. Chestnut took his seat.

Mr. Wilson, of Mass., submitted a resolution calling for the appointment of a committee of five, to inquire whether any civil officer, clerk, or other person in the employ of the Government, has been made to contribute a portion of his salary on elections during the present Administration, or has been removed from office on refusal to comply with such demand.—Also, what legislation is necessary to prevent the employment of money to influence elections. Objection being made, the resolution lies over under the rules.

On motion of Mr. Seward, of New York, a resolution was adopted instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire whether any amendments ought to be made to the existing laws for the suppression of the African slave trade.

The consideration of the Pacific Railroad Bill was then resumed.

Mr. Bigler gave his views on the different propositions before the Senate. He preferred the central route. The eastern terminus was not important, for the real terminus would be where the road crosses the mountains, as civilization would ere long checker the intervening country with railroads running in every direction. In reference to the mountain crossings, great care is necessary to provide against the snows. He spoke of the great growth of the country and of the importance of having a power to protect our possessions in order to keep and extend them. He thought the undertaking was too great for private enterprise, and would require Government aid, and depicted the defenceless state of California in case of a war with a strong naval power; while he hoped there would be no war, yet there was always a possibility of it.

A message was received from the House, announcing the death of Gen. Quitman.

Mr. Bigler suspended his remarks, and Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, delivered an appropriate eulogy.

Mr. Shields, of Minnesota, followed, paying a glowing tribute to the many virtues of the deceased, his friend and companion in arms.

Messrs. Houston and Ward, of Texas, also delivered brief eulogies, after which the Senate adjourned.

On the 6th, Mr. Seward, of N. Y., presented a memorial of the people of Kansas, accompanied by a Constitution, praying for the admission of that Territory as a State under it. Referred to the Committee on Territories.

The French Spoliation Bill was taken up, on a test vote, by yeas 24, nays 18.

Mr. Gwin, of Cal., moved to postpone the bill, and resume the consideration of the Pacific Railroad Bill.

Mr. Bigler, of Penna., then finished his speech, which was interrupted the day before. Viewed strictly as a military measure, it is worthy of the best efforts of the government, for were war to break out with the great maritime power, without this means of concentrating our forces, California would, in all probability, within sixty days, be cut off from all communication with the Atlantic States. Will any man say that we are in a condition to defend our Pacific possessions? Then how can we talk about the acquisition of additional possessions—about a war for Cuba, or a protectorate over Mexico? Let us establish this protectorate over ourselves, and we shall then be in a better position to influence the destinies of others. Probably no Senator, himself included, but would vote three or four hundred millions for the purchase of Cuba, yet they would not vote a grant of public lands for the preservation of California, Oregon and Washington! Yet, what power would be strong enough to meet us on the Pacific with such a railroad, or weak enough not to annoy us without it? As a channel of commerce, it would open the direct route from China and Japan. It would be a route, not for heavy tonnage certainly, but for the precious metals, for the finer fabrics, and for the mails, reciprocally from east to west. Great Britain is watchful to forestall these advantages, and it is now ascertained that a railroad is practicable through the British valleys of the Red River of the North and of Fraser River. Finally, Mr. Bigler disposed of the various objections urged against the road, and concluded by warning the government not to be penny wise and pound foolish, but to bind together the confederacy of sovereign States for their mutual aid and protection. No statesman need fear the effects of such a precedent.

Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, argued that the general route ought to be located by Congress, to prevent the road from becoming sectional, and the contract becoming a monopoly, also for the purpose of securing the most direct route.

Mr. Ward, of Texas, spoke in favor of the advantages of a Southern route.

Mr. Iverson, of Geo., said that more than three-fourths of the money and land expended by the government had been devoted to the North and West, they being free States. If either section should have an advantage, it ought to be the weaker one. He complained of Northern aggressions, and believed the time would come when the slave States would be compelled, in vindication of their rights, interests and honor, to separate from the free States and erect a separate confederacy, and was not sure that the time was not near at hand. He did not consider the election of Stephen A. Douglas a victory of sound Democracy; it was a victory of Free Soil Democracy over Abolitionism and Whiggery. He would not give a copper for the difference. So far as the South and her constitutional rights were concerned, it was a victory over her and them. He opposed the present bill, because he feared the route selected for the road would be outside the Southern confederacy. He moved the bill be recommitted to the committee, with instructions to provide for two roads, one North and the other over a Southern route.

Mr. Shields, of Min., got the floor, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 7th, the French Spoliation Bill was taken up, and then laid over, owing to the sickness of Mr. Davis, of Miss.

The Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up.

Mr. Shields, of Min., spoke in favor of the Northern route to Puget's Sound, setting forth its advantages over all others.

Mr. Doolittle, of Wis., moved an amendment, providing that a board of three engineers be appointed to survey each of the proposed routes, the northern, central, and southern, and report the capabilities and an estimate of the expense of each to the President before the next meeting of Congress. A new feature in his amendment is, that it also provides that the alternate sections of land along the route shall be open, under the homestead law to actual settlers.

Mr. Trumbull, of Ill., in speaking nominally on the Pacific Railroad question, replied to the speech of Mr. Iverson. He said the doctrine of the South was, we will control the government, and when we cannot we will dissolve the Union. He proceeded to discuss the politics of Illinois, denying that the Republican party was either Abolition or Whig, or that Mr. Douglas was elected by the Free Soil Democracy. The parties in that State were disrupted four years ago, and were now all mixed up. The Democratic party had but one principle, and that was the expansion of slavery. He referred to the fact that a cargo of slaves had been landed in this country from Africa, and the offenders not punished. The official organ had declared our institutions were a failure in this respect. One of the South Carolina juries had refused to indict men engaged in the slave trade, he believed. Where were the army and navy then? Perhaps in Kansas guarding persons charged with treason. Perhaps in Boston, trying to catch a runaway negro. Yet the people of the North are in favor of the Union. They submit to these things—submit to the outrageous expression of the Supreme Court Judges on a question not before them, because they expect in due time, and in a constitutional mode, to redress the abuses.

Without taking action on the bill, on motion of Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, the Senate adjourned over till Monday, in commemoration of the battle of New Orleans.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 4th, on motion of Mr. Bernhelsel, of Utah, the Committee on Territories was instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing for the completion of the Territorial Capitol.

Mr. John Cochrane, of New York, presented a petition from the Canal Board, asking an appropriation for the lake harbors, in connection with the Canals of the State of New York.

Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill providing that invalid seamen may receive an annual stipend from the Government, and reside with their friends, when they shall so elect, instead of living at the asylums.

Mr. Curtis, of Iowa, asked, but failed to obtain, the consent of the House, for leave to introduce a joint resolution providing for a commission of members of Congress and army officers, to revise the militia and army laws.

Various reports from the Standing Committees were received, including the following:

By Mr. Comins, of Massachusetts, a bill making appropriation for the improvement of the harbor of Boston.

By Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, the Senate bill making appropriations for the improvement of the mouth of the Milwaukie river and Chicago harbor.

By Mr. Faulkner, of Virginia, the Senate bill providing for the payment of the claims of the State of Maine for expenses incurred in organizing a regiment for the Mexican war.

On motion of Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and took up the Indian Appropriation Bill.

Without arriving at any action on the bill, the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 5th, the House met at noon, and after the reading of the journal, Mr. McRae, of Mississippi, announced the death of Gen. Quitman, pronouncing an eloquent eulogy. He reviewed the life of the deceased, from boyhood to manhood, and pointed with pride to his actions both in the forum and on the field of battle. He feelingly alluded to the affection entertained for him by the people of Mississippi, as well as by the people of the whole country, and closed by offering the usual resolutions of respect.

Feeling and appropriate eulogies were also delivered by Messrs. Bonham, of S. C., Wright, of Tenn., Thompson, of N. Y., Moore, of Ala., Curtis, of Iowa, and Bowie, of Md., after which the resolutions were adopted, and the House adjourned.

On the 6th, Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, asked and obtained leave to introduce a bill for the organization of a new Territory, embracing the South Platte gold diggings, and portions of Kansas, Utah and Nebraska, to be called Colona. The proposed Territory will embrace within its limits the head waters of the Rio Grande and Platte rivers. Referred to the Committee on Territories.

The House then again went into Committee of the Whole, and resumed the consideration of the Indian Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Lovejoy, of Ill., opposed the bill, on the ground that it was recommended simply by the Executive.

Mr. Bryan, of Texas, opposed the amendment of Mr. Lovejoy, on the ground of the appropriation for Texas not being made. An additional expense would be incurred by the Government in sending troops there to maintain the pledge given to Texas when she came into this Union. If the Government would not protect Texas, she would protect herself.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, said that Texas was admitted by a resolution, and the gentleman had better move its repeal.

Mr. Bryan said that a resolution adopted by the Government with a sovereign State was a treaty. It was a compact entered into with the United States.

Mr. Giddings denied that Texas came in under a treaty.

Mr. Bryan knew there was a *thing* introduced in the Senate, but it was *rejected*. When the compact between them was disregarded, Texas had a right, and she would do it, of going out of the Union. [Laughter.]

Mr. Giddings said that any former resolution could be repealed.

Mr. Bryan again repeated the declaration, and said that, should it be carried out, Texas would then know what to do, and he did not know but it would have been better if annexation had never taken place. If protection were not given them, all her citizens would think so, as a great portion now do, and repeal it, as Congress would by refusing protection.

Mr. Granger, of New York, had heard now and before, that unless the general Government provided troops to protect Texas from the Indians, the whole country would be laid waste. He wanted to know if Texas was not able to protect herself from a few straggling Indians? He understood the gentleman to say that unless the Government did more for Texas, her affection would be found to be rapidly failing. It was his opinion that there would not be much love lost.

Mr. Bryan replied that with such they were willing to part. The people of Texas received nothing but what they were entitled to, and could protect themselves; but as long as the Government had promised protection, they would rely upon it, and if it would not give it, then they would resort to means hitherto used, which were found to be amply sufficient. Let the vote upon this determine the question—so far as he was concerned, he would rather that it should do so.

After further remarks to the same purport, pro and con, the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 7th, Mr. Blair, of Missouri, introduced a bill to establish an assay office in St. Louis.

Mr. Stephens, of Geo., announced, in response to many inquiries, that the Oregon bill was on his desk, and he was ready to report it the first time the Committee on Territories shall be called upon by the Speaker. He will then request that immediate action be taken on the bill, and trusts it will be reached by Tuesday next.

Mr. Washburne, of Ill., wished to know whether the gentleman from Georgia (Mr. Stephens) would press the passage of the bill without discussion.

Mr. Stephens replied that he was willing the debate shall continue as long as the House may desire.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, offered a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Interior to report under what law and by what authority the advisory board of agriculture to the Patent Office was assembled, the manner in which the delegates were appointed, and from what fund they were paid.

Messrs. Hughes, of Indiana, and Stephens, of Georgia, severally gave their understanding of the subject, supposing that the delegates were assembled under the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior, $75,000 having heretofore been appropriated for the collection of agricultural statistics.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, said that, if it was right and proper that such conventions should be continued, Congress ought to take the responsibility of providing how they should be called, the number of delegates, and the amount of compensation.

The resolution was passed.

The House then went into committee on private bills. Eleven private bills were passed.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The North American arrived at Halifax, on the 5th. She was bound to Portland, but was compelled to put into Halifax, being short of fuel, and also leaking badly, having struck on a rock, off Cape Race. Her bow was injured by contact with the rock, and her forward compartments is full of water, showing that had she not been provided with water-tight compartments it would have been a difficult matter to keep her afloat. Her news is four days later.

President Buchanan's Message had been received by the steamer Africa, and was printed in full in all the English papers. As was expected, the Cuban, Mexican and Central American propositions were very unpalatable, and were variously commented on by the press. The London Times is unusually severe in its criticisms.

The London Times announces a new ocean telegraph enterprise for laying a cable from Land's End to Halifax on an entirely new plan.

The Portuguese Minister has been recalled from the Court of France.

The excitement in Ireland as to the arrest of the members of the Phœnix Club is dying out. Two or three additional arrests have been made, but nothing of moment had transpired.

FRANCE.—The Times explains that Count Montalembert having prosecuted his appeal to an issue, the result has been, in a great measure, confirmed, although the penalty has been somewhat mitigated. The actual decision is, that he stands acquitted of the charges of attacking the principle of universal suffrage and the constitutional rights of the Emperor. In consequence of this modification of the original sentence, his term of imprisonment has been reduced from six to three months, but the fine of three thousand francs has been maintained.

It is stated that a contract has been signed between the Marine Department and a firm at Marseilles, to supply Guadaloupe and Martinique with twenty thousand free Africans, suited to agricultural labor, before the year 1863. Similar contracts have also been entered into with other houses.

Paul Morphy was unable to commence the chess-match with Andersen, owing to indisposition.

The French Squadron on the Western Coast of Africa, is said to be reinforced by several ships.

It is stated that the French Foreign Office heard with some surprise, President Buchanan's recommendation for the purchase of Cuba, France having previously notified the American minister of its determination, in conjunction with England, not to tolerate the cession of Cuba to the United States, even were Spain to assent.

Detachments of French troops having advanced into Swiss Territory, the government of Switzerland has demanded an explanation.—Great indignation exists in Switzerland in consequence.

A Wurtemburg paper says the Neapolitan and Roman governments have proof that the agents of the French government are endeavoring to bring about a movement in Italy, and that a large Austrian loan is expected.

ROME.—At the consistory to be holden on the 20th it is probable that the new cardinals will be made—one for Rome and another for America. Should this news be true, America will possess a cardinal for the first time. The Archbishop of Baltimore is spoken of as likely to be the first wearer of a red hat in the United States.

THE MARKETS.—Cotton is rather lower—say 1-16d—others say unchanged. Breadstuffs and Provisions dull. In London Wheat closed with an advancing tendency.

☞ THE CHAMBER OF "LITTLE EASE."—Dr. Lingard, in his account of the different kinds of torture used in the Tower in the times of the Tudors, says:—"A fourth kind of torture was a cell called 'Little Ease.' It was of so small dimensions and so constructed that the prisoner could neither stand, sit, nor lie in it at full length. He was compelled to draw himself up in a squatting posture, and so remained during several days."

FROM CALIFORNIA.

St. Louis, Jan. 7.—The overland mail, with San Francisco advices to the 13th ult., three days later than the dates previously received, has arrived.

A man by the name of Ward detected A. R. Melony, State Comptroller, in criminal intercourse with his wife. Ward shot at his wife, and thinking he had killed her, attempted suicide, inflicting a dangerous wound. Melony is a married man, fifty years of age, and has a large family, including grown-up children. The California press demands his resignation.

Dr. O'Dowd has committed suicide, in consequence of having administered an overdose of opium to a young man named Bradley, producing death.

The weather at San Francisco was colder than ever known before.

Business at San Francisco was quiet.

The passengers by the mail report that Mr. Pardee, the express messenger, who started with the President's Message, was sick at El Paso. The message was, however, sent forward at the express rate of two hundred miles per day.

The Camanche Indians continued to rob the mail stations whenever an opportunity occurred. They and the employees of the mail company are virtually at war. The latter are building strong station-houses, which are to be provided with from ten to twenty guns each.

The Stockton and Kansas city mail party had been turned back by the Navajo Indians, with threats of massacre if they attempt to cross the country again.

THE POLITICIAN'S VIEWS.

Constituoents are handy to help a man in,
But afterwards don't weigh the heft of a pin,
Wy, the people can't all live on Uncle Sam's pap
So they've nothin' to du with 't for better or wus;
It's the folks that are kind o'brought up to depend on't.
Thet hev any consarn in't, an' thet is the end on't.

—*The Biglow Papers.*

☞ Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination—this is perfectly free to every man; but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind, and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one point connected with the improvement of the human mind, it is on this. —*Dr. Arnold.*

On, rich man's soul! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens soft white hands;—
This is the best crop for thy lands;
A heritage it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

☞ Should a woman desire to be born a man, in the course of transmigration, she can only attain this by treating her husband as the Angels' wives treat their husbands—with love, respect and attention.—*From the Burmese.*

☞ He that finds truth, without loving her, is like a bat; which, though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath no evil eyes, that it cannot delight in the sun.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

☞ They that deny a God, destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body: and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is an ignoble creature.—*Lord Bacon.*

☞ A Welsh curate, being asked how he managed to preach sermons so far above his own powers of composition, replied, "I have a volume of sermons by one Archbishop Tillotson, which I translate into the Welsh, and afterwards retranslate into English, after which the Archbishop himself would not know his own compositions."

☞ A CHEMICAL VIEW OF DEATH.—M. Biot, a French author, in speaking of a school of philosophers whose views of immortality are scientific, but peculiar, says:—"You do not die, you only change your state of aggregation. It is true your nitrogen, your hydrogen, and your carbon separate; they are distributed through the atmosphere, penetrate plants and animals, or are absorbed by the earth; but as no atom perishes, you continue to exist; the only difference is, *that you find yourself reduced to a more simple expression!*

☞ The moral courage that will face obloquy in a good cause, is a much rarer gift than the bodily valor that will confront death in a bad one.

☞ Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.—*Shakspeare.*

☞ Kings and ministers should sleep but a quarter of the night; philosophers and learned men but half the night; merchants and traders, three parts of the night; but beggars may sleep the whole night.—*From the Burmese.*

☞ The only victory that costs no tears, is that over ignorance.—*Napoleon.*

☞ Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release; the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure; and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.—*Colton.*

Luck varies with the men who hunt
For gold, so I'll explain:
Some find the ore *in creases.*
While others seek *in vein.*

—*Boston Post.*

☞ He that will keep a monkey should pay for the glasses he breaks.—*Selden.*

☞ Diggs saw a note lying on the ground, but knew that it was a counterfeit, and walked on without picking it up. He told Smithers the story, when the latter said—

"Do you know, Diggs, you have committed a very grave offence?"

"Why, what have I done?"

"You have passed a counterfeit bill, knowing it to be such," said Smithers, without a smile, and bolted.

☞ To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation.—*Horace Walpole.*

☞ Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul: it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us.—*Luther.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS.—The receipts of Flour have again been very light, the inspections for the week showing a falling off of about 3000 bbls., compared with those of last week. The demand is quite limited both for export and home consumption, but holders manifest no disposition to accept lower quotations. The sales comprise only 5000 bbls at $5@5,12½ ₱ bbl for superfine; $5,50@5,75 for extra, and $6@6,25 for extra family, including 200 half bbls at $6,37½, 500 bbls extra family at $6@6,25, and 700 bbls Western do on terms not made public. The sales to the home trade range from $5,12½ to $7,25 for common and fancy lots, according to quality. Rye Flour is exceedingly quiet; 100 bbls sold at $5,75@5,87½ ₱ bbl. Of Corn Meal the market is bare and it is in demand at an advance of 12½@18¾c ₱ bbl. About 600 bbls Pennsylvania were disposed of, part at $3,37½, and part on private terms.

GRAIN—Wheat has been dull, but as the amount coming forward is extremely light, holders have been enabled to realize previous rates. Sales of 12,000 bushels at $1,20@1,27 ₱ bus for ordinary and prime Red, and $1,31@1,45 for common and choice White, including some lots of Tennessee and Kentucky at our highest quotation. Rye has advanced 3@4c ₱ bus. Sales at 83@85c for Pennsylvania, and 78@82c for Southern and Jersey. Corn has advanced 1@2c, and is scarce. Sales of 12,000 bushels dry new Yellow at 71@73c, and damp do at 68c, and old Yellow at 82@84c. Oats are in fair request, and have improved. Sales of 8000 bushels at 45½c for Delaware, and 46@48c for Pennsylvania. In Barley we notice sales of 3000 bushels New York at 80@85c. Barley Malt is dull at our last quotations.

PROVISIONS—There has been but little movement in the market, and there is but little stock here to operate in. Sales of Mess Pork at $17,75@18, short time, and small lots of Prime at $16. Dressed Hogs are coming in pretty freely, and command $6,75@7,50 ₱ 100 lbs—the latter rate for heavy. City Packed Mess Beef—There is no demand except for ship's stores, at $15,[illegible]0@16 ₱ bbl, cash. Bacon—There has been but little inquiry for any description, and of Sides and Shoulders the market continues comparatively bare. Small sales of Hams at 10@12½c, according to quality. We quote Sides at 9½c, and Shoulders at 7½c, 60 days. Of Dry Salted Meats the market is nearly bare of stock in first hands, and recent prices are trifling. We quote Hams at 9½c; Sides at 9½c; and Shoulders, in salt, at 6½c, on time. Lard—The demand has been limited, but the receipts and stocks are small and prices steady at our last quotations. Sales of bbls and tcs at 11¼@11½, and 200 kegs at 12c ₱ lb. Butter—There is a fair inquiry for Roll, with sales at 18½@22c ₱ lb for Pennsylvania; 17@23c for Ohio, and 23@25c for Goshen. Solid Packed is extremely dull at 10@12c as to quality.

COTTON—The recent advices from Europe are quite favorable, and have induced holders to put up their prices ¼@½c. Sales of 780 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 11½c for low grades up to 13c ₱ lb, cash, for middling fair.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark have about ceased, and the stock here in first hands is exhausted. No 1 is wanted at $28 ₱ ton. In Tanners' Bark nothing doing.

COAL—In the trade generally there is no essential change to notice. The Schuylkill Navigation is now closed, and the receipts by railroad have fallen off, but the demand for shipment is quite moderate. There has been, however, more inquiry for the supply of the city consumers, but without change in prices.

COFFEE—A small invoice of Laguayra is the only arrival this week. There has been a moderate inquiry, but the stock in first hands is nearly exhausted, and prices are very firm. Sales of 900 bags Rio at 11¼@11½c, 800 bags Laguayra at 11@11¼c, and 300 bags St. Domingo at 9½c ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS continue very dull. Western are held at 44@50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The only sales reported in Foreign are small lots of Bunch Raisins at $2,10@2,15 ₱ box. Dried Apples are selling from 7¼ to 7½c ₱ lb. Dried Peaches are dull at our last quotations. Cranberries range from $9 to $14 ₱ bbl, as to quality.

HEMP—There is but little here, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES—There are none here in first hands. An import of 4400 Laguayra and Porto Cabello have arrived, which were previously disposed of on private terms.

HOPS continue very dull, but prices are unchanged. We quote at 14@16c ₱ lb for new Eastern and Western, and 5@10c for old crop.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is exceedingly quiet, and the only transaction reported is 100 tons No. 3 Forge at $20 ₱ ton. The last sale of Scotch Pig was at $24 ₱ ton. In Blooms, Bar, and Boiler Iron no change to notice.

LEAD is but little inquired after, and no sales have been reported.

LEATHER of prime quality is scarce, and in good demand, at improving prices, but inferior descriptions are neglected.

LUMBER—There has been very little inquiry for any kind. Sales of 100,000 feet Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $14@16 ₱ M. feet. Lathe are selling in a small way at $2 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market has been quiet, and of Foreign the stock is extremely light. Sales of 800 hhds New Orleans, part to arrive, at 37½@38c, 4 mos, and some Trinidad at 28c.

SEEDS—There has been an increased demand for Clover seed, and prices have advanced 12½c ₱ bush. Sales of 800 bush of good and prime at $5,-75@5,87½, and inferior at $5,62½ ₱ 64 lbs. The balance of the recent invoice of Calcutta Linseed sold on private terms. Timothy is scarce, and worth $2,12½ ₱ bush. American Flaxseed is wanted at $1,65@1,70.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandy and Gin remain without change. Whiskey is in better demand, and prices are firm; sales at 24@24½c for Penna, 25@25½c for Ohio, 24c for hhds, and 23 cents for Drudge.

SUGAR—There has been a good demand, and with light receipts and a small stock, prices have advanced ½c ₱ lb. Sales of 500 hhds New Orleans at 6¾@7½c; some Cuba at 7c; 900 bags Laguayra at 7c; a lot of Havana boxes at $8@8,50 for Yellow and White, and 4500 bags Paraambuco on terms not made public.

WOOL—There has been less inquiry, but with reduced stocks, very limited receipts, and improved prices for manufactured goods, holders are firm at the recent advance. Sales of 180,000 lbs from 32 up to 60c ₱ lb, cash.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting pcs, ₱ lb	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₱ lb	20 a25
Sirloin steak	16	Breast and Neck	8 a 12
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	25 a 30
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcase	8 a 9
Plates and navels corned	6 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, smoked	62 a75	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	8
Leg, each	31½a37½	Hind "	10
Suet	20 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₱ lb	5 a 8	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ₱ lb	14 a16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	3,75
Fore quarter	50	Salt and fresh, ₱ lb	10 a12
Hind "	75	Feet, ₱ set	12½a25
Chop, ₱ lb	12½12	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 a 6
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard "	10 a12
		Hams, sliced	14 a15
		Bologna sausages	10 a20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ₱ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ₱ basket	1,25	Do ₱ lb	4 a 6
Sweet potatoes ₱ bas	75a87½	Corn ₱ bus	75a1,00
Cabbages, ₱ head	3 a6	Onions, bus	90
Squashes, ₱ bushl	37½a62½	Egg plants, each,	2 a10
		Turnips ₱ bush	37

FRUIT.

Apples, ₱ bbl	$1,12 a1,37½	Apples ₱ bush	25 a38

POULTRY AND GAME.

Chickens, ₱ pair	38 a 81	Turkeys ₱ lb	10
		Geese ₱ lb, 11c.	

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₱ 100	50 a75	Mouth River Cove, ₱ bbl	10,00 a12,00
Do, ₱ M	15,00a20,00	N Y do, ₱ bbl,	12,00 15,00
	Terrapins $10a14.		

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, ₱ lb	33 a40	Blue Fish, ₱ lb	12
Beef, "	28 a30	Salt do, do,	11
Eggs, doz	30 a38	Mackerel	12
Milk, ₱ qt	6 a 8	Sm'kd Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod	a 6	Sausage meat ₱ roll	124
Butterfish ₱ lb	124		

☞ He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.—*Lord Herbert.*

NEWS ITEMS

The new planet lately discovered at the Dudley Observatory, has aptly been called by Mrs. Dudley, whom the discoverer gave the honor of naming it, *Pandora*.

A sale of slave stock took place at Sussex county, Virginia, on the 27th of December, aggregating $50,000. A negro girl, with one child, brought $1,705. In Petersburg, Virginia, on the 28th, a gang of thirty-nine, mostly children, sold for $22,082 50—one of them, a girl of ten years brought $1,151. At Autauga, Alabama, lately, the sales of one day amounted to over $60,000, and a common field hand sold for $2,100.

New York city preserved its reputation on the first day of the New Year, by getting up two murders, two shooting affrays, two stabbing affrays, and a riot, not to mention minor incidents.

A rich quartz vein has been discovered in the suburbs of San Francisco.

Later advices from Salt Lake state that the United States marshal has been prevented from serving a process on Brigham Young by the guards maintained by that worthy. It was expected that Judge Sinclair would call upon the military to enforce the orders of his court.

Roberts, the negro of Hartford, who killed his wife, has been convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He told the jailor his preference tended rather to being hung than imprisonment, and said he considered his sentence an unjust one, as, in his opinion, society had been greatly benefitted by the "suppression" of Mrs. Roberts. Her disposition was not a mild one; he bore the scars caused by her teeth and nails, in unladylike moments, and repeatedly had had occasion to denounce his married life, so unhappy did Mrs. R. render his experience of it. He is called by the newspapers a colored martyr to a connubial age.

We groan over the mud in some of our streets. Only think of the lady in a Western city who, at a crossing, was seen to lose first an overshoe, then a galter, and lastly *her stocking*, escaping *barely* with her foot—the latter being well fastened on!—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Hot Bricks.—The danger of taking hot bricks for bedfellows was illustrated in a town near Albany, a few nights since, when two young ladies wrapped one in cloth to toast their feet with in the foot of the bed. They woke up in the night nearly suffocated, and found the bed on fire, the brick having burnt through five quilts, portions of the skirts lying upon the foot of the bed, a hole in the mattress, a portion of a nightgown upon one of the ladies, and discolored their feet with smoke.

Territorial Affairs.—*Washington, Jan. 7.*—This morning the House Committee on Territories decided to report the bills for organizing the territorial governments of Arizona and Dacotah, and against the proposed bill for the territory of Colona.

Scarcely more than a week or ten days ago, one of the daughters of the Earl of Bedford, died from the injuries she received by her dress taking fire from a candle; and, now, another daughter of the same noble family has met with the same fate, in attempting to extinguish the flames.—*London Paper.*

Neal Dow writes to the Montreal Witness in correction of statements made abroad by the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, of New York, to the effect that the Maine Law had proved ineffectual in Maine. Mr. Dow insists that drunkenness has decreased more than one-half since the enactment of that law.

A bill has been reported in the Missouri Legislature, in accordance with the recommendation of the Governor, authorizing the calling out of volunteers to repel "the Kansas banditti," and appropriating $30,000 for that purpose.

A Great Newspaper Enterprise.—The *Buffalo Republic* hits off the puffing of the N. Y. papers in the following, which purports to be the prospectus of a new paper to be called "The Milky Way"—a very good name, though the Milk and Watery Way would be better. But hear the prospectus:

It will be issued on a sheet twelve times as large as the *Constellation*, each sheet of paper covering an area of 30,000 square feet, which, being reduced to acres, is one acre and five rods, so that every subscriber will obtain at every issue of the *Milky Way* nearly a "quarter section"—or, at least, a "homestead" of reading matter. Thus each subscriber will get at least a furlong of good substantial literature for one cent.

To work on this immense edition, Hoe & Co., Taylor & Co., and half a dozen other companies, have been engaged for the last two years in building us an eighty cylinder press, throwing off eighty of our acre-and-a-half sheets in one-tenth of a second, folding, mailing and receiving pay for them at one and the same operation. The types used up at each edition of this mammoth—behemoth—is sixty-three tons; keeping two foundries in Philadelphia, five in New York, and one in Buffalo, running constantly to supply us. Our eighty cylinder press of course could not be placed in any known edifice, and no engine can be built sufficiently powerful to run it. Consequently we have arranged to have it placed at the foot of the Horse-shoe Fall, at Niagara Falls, and have it worked by water. To get our type from this city to that point in time, we shall be necessitated to build a railroad to the Falls. (Books of subscription to this road are now open at this office, where all who wish, can take stock at once.)

The following gentlemen are mentioned as contributors to "The Milky Way":—

James Gordon Bennett, William Cullen Bryant, James George Bryan, Brooks, Seaver, Cooper, Batts, Clapp, Jewett, Andrews, Pope, Sydney Smith, Griswold, Fairfield, Pope, Halleck, Greene, of the Boston Post, Sherwood, Charlotte Bronte, Bremer, Brougham, D'Israeli, Longfellow, Bulwer, Mrs. Grundy, (author of "What will they say?") Dr. Squills, Wendell Holmes, Ritchie, Kendall, Gray and Brown, of the Plaindealer, Doesticks, Chopsticks, Old Dow, Dow, Jr., Dayton, H. Ward Beecher, Sargent, Sentinel, Sut Lovengood, Iota, On Dit, Inspector, Occasional, Levein, Weed, Anonymous, Ibid, Channing, Cheever, Pierpont, Saxe, Chapin, Lieut. Maury, De Bauty (telegraph sketches,) Hucker, Jones, Torrance, Smith, (not John but Elbert Herring,) Park Benjamin, George Roberts, Dana of the Tribune, Raymond, and one or two others.

The Sun-Flower as a Preventive of Fevers.—We continue to see favorable mention made of the virtues of sun-flowers as preventives of bilious fever, chills and fevers, &c. A correspondent of the *Soil of the South*, writing from a place in Alabama which he says was peculiarly subject to fevers, gives the results of his experience in the premises, and in not a single instance where he planted sun-flowers around his negro cabins did their inmates suffer from fevers, whilst his wife, two children, and two house servants all had fevers, he not having planted any of the sun-flowers around his own dwelling, which, in his opinion, accounted for the difference in the results. We trust that next spring, New Orleans may be surrounded by a cordon of sun-flowers, that they may be scattered through every garden, and cover every vacant lot in the city. Who knows but they may prevent yellow fever also? The correspondent of the *Soil of the South*, says:

My opinion is, that the sun-flower in its rank growth, absorbs the very elements in the atmosphere that produce fever, or chills and fever, and what is the life of the sun-flower is highly obnoxious to the health of the human family, nor do I believe that a man could ever have a chill, who would sleep in a bed of rank sun-flowers. This, too, seems to be no new theory, as Lieut. Maury states that his gardener—a Frenchman—informed him that their sanitary influence had been long known in France.

An Opinion Before Marriage.—Mrs. Marchmont, who applied for a divorce from her husband, Henry Marchmont, for cruelty, read the following letter, received from her husband a few days before marriage, in the course of her examination:

"*My Dearest Caroline:*—As you wish to have my opinion of you, I will candidly tell you that I think you kind, generous, truthful, loving, benevolent, sympathising, forbearing, forgiving, gentle, devoted in friendship, and truthful in affection. I love you above all the world. As to myself, I am irritable, unkind, false-hearted, jealous, harsh, deceitful, changeable, proud, unforgiving, hasty, ungenerous, malicious, and utterly unworthy of that love which you have so generously bestowed upon me.

"I am, my dearest love, yours, living and dying, Henry Marchmont."

We think that Mrs. Marchmont cannot plead that her husband deceived her by concealing his true character from her.

Pennsylvania Legislature.—The Legislature met on the 4th. In the Senate, J. Cresswell, Jr., (Dem.,) was elected Speaker, by one majority. In the House, W. C. A. Lawrence (Amer. Repub.) was elected by 67 votes for Lawrence, to 32 for Gritman (Dem.)

The last news from Fraser river is favorable. The last steamer from Victoria brought down $200,000 in gold.

☞ Men are never so likely to discuss a question rightly as when they discuss it freely. —*Macaulay.*

Music!—oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell;
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
—*Moore.*

☞ There are some men whose opposition can be reckoned upon against everything that has not emanated from themselves.

Truth, so they say, lies in a well—
A paradox, forsooth!
For if it *lies*, as people tell,
How can it, then, be truth?

☞ Gratitude is a feature much admired, but rarely to be seen.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U. S. 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	113½	—
" " '68	113½	—
" 5 " coupon '74	104¾	—
Penn. 6 pr ct. old	—	99½
" " new	103½	103½
" 5 "	97½	—
Pitts. 6 pr ct	70	71
" 6 coupon	—	55
Allegh'y City 6 pr ct	89	—
" County "	54	—
" R R issue	50	51½
Penn. 6 pr ct	101	—
" 5 " coupon	—	100
" 5 "	92½	93
Tenn. 6 pr ct	94½	—
" 5 " coupon	80	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104½	—
Missouri 6 "	69½	—
Ohio 6 " 1856	100½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	99½	98½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	93	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	138½	140
Philadelphia	117	118
Far. & Mec.	58½	—
Commercial	50	—
N Liberty	60	61
Mechanics	27½	28
Southwark	—	56
Penn Township	—	32
Kensington	60	—
Girard	12	12½
Western	68	—
Man. & Mech.	27	27½
Commerce	85	—
Tradesman's	63½	—
City	48	48
Consolidation	25	26
Commonwealth	22½	23
Corn Exchange	23½	25
Germantown	55	60
Hestonville, Phila'a	56½	—
Exchange	39	—
Kentucky Ky.	105	—
Northern "	115	—
Louisville "	104	—
Farmers' "	—	122
Union, Nash, Tenn	96	—
Planters' "	109	109
N O Gas Light	134	138
Com. & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co.	—	22½
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	½	1
New Granada	½	1
N American Ins'ance	14	15
N Liberties Gas	29½	30
Southwark & Frankford RR	57	—
Bonds	—	93
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	101	—
2nd " "	92½	92½
" stock	—	—
Interest off	42½	43
Cam. & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	95	97
" stock	—	113½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	84½	85
mort 6's '44	—	—
" '88	73½	74½
" stock	27	27½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	86½	87
" stock	42½	43
Phila. Wil. & Bal. stock	36½	—
6 pr ct loan '98	102	102½
Ches Val R R 7's	42	42½
Tioga R R. 7's	—	85
Will'm & Elmira 7's 1st mort	71½	73
" 2d "	—	—
" stock	9½	10
Catawissa	6	6½
Beaver Meadow stock	—	—
" preferred 10 pr ct	80	—
North Penna R R stock	8½	8½
6 pr ct loan	63½	—
Phil. Ger. & Nor. RR stock	24	—
6 pr ct loan	88	—
Minehill R R	—	42
Har. and Lan. R R stock	—	50
" bonds '42	90	—
L. Schuylkil R R stock	25½	25½
Long Island R R stock	11½	11½
" bonds	85	85
Erie R R stock	17½	17½
Hudson River R R	33½	33½
N Y Central	83½	83½
Michigan Central	47½	48
Illinois "	70½	—
Michigan Southern	19½	20
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '52	71	71½
imp. 6 pr ct	7½	7½
stock	9	10
preferred	18½	19½
Lehigh Nav stock	85½	—
mort 6 pr ct	—	100
scrip "	27½	28
Morris Conso'd	48½	49
preferred	106½	107½
Ches & Del	60	—
bonds	—	77
Union	24	25
bonds	35	—
Sus. & Tidewater	1	2
bonds 1878	—	35

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 8, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.	GEORGIA.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis	Solvent banks ¼ dis
Relief notes ¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.
NEW JERSEY.	Solv bks ¼ dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	ALABAMA.
DELAWARE.	Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	MISSISSIPPI.
MARYLAND.	All bks uncertain
Baltimore ¼ dis	LOUISIANA.
Solv bks ¼ to ¾ dis	Solv bks ¾ dis
NEW YORK.	OHIO.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks ¼ dis
MAINE.	KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks ¾ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	INDIANA.
Solv bks ¼ dis	State bank ¾ dis
VERMONT.	ILLINOIS.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 1½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	MISSOURI.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks ¾ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	TENNESSEE.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Old banks 2 dis
RHODE ISLAND.	MICHIGAN.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 1½ dis
VIRGINIA.	WISCONSIN.
Solv bks ¼ to ¾ dis	Solv bks 1½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	TEXAS.
Solv bks ¾ to 1½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	CANADA.
Solv bks ¾ to 1½ dis	Solv bks 1 dis

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1360 head, and prices for good Cattle advanced about 25c on the 100 lbs. The following lots were sold at Wardwell's Avenue Drove Yard:—30 head, F Powers, Westmoreland co, $8@9½; 80, Smith & Mooney, Ohio, fine, 9½@10½; 10, Seymour & Hutton, Ill and Va, 5½@10; 25, Jos Henderson, Indiana co, inf, 5@8; 20, Keller, Lancaster co, 7½@8½; 40, I Trump & Co, Ohio, 8@9½; 25, Baldwin & Underwood, Chester co, 9@10. 3500 Sheep arrived and sold during the week from $3 to 6 ⅌ head, equal to 9@10c dressed.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—64 head, Hopkins, Md. $8½@10; 76 do, Scott & Kimber, Chester co, 9@10; 105 do, McCall & McFillin, Va, 8½@10; 23 do, George & Diller, Lancaster co, 9½; 20 do, B Hood, Chester co, 8½@8¾; 38 do, Kimble & Kirk, do, 8½@10; 32 do, J Todd, do, 8@10; 23 do, E Neely, do, 5½@10; 10 do, W Alexander, do, 8½@10; 13 do, Z Williams, do, 8½@9½; 8 do, J Miller, do, 8½@10; 11 do, J Holmes, do, 8½@10; 32 do, J McFillen, do, 9@10; 10 do, E Ely, do, 8@9½.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Jan. 8.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour advanced—sales of 11,000 bbls at $4,30@4,75 for State, $5,50@5,75 for Ohio, and $4,75@5,40 for Southern. Wheat firm but quiet. Corn quiet. Pork heavy at $16,90 for old Mess, and $17,25 for new. Lard dull at 11½@11¾c. Whiskey firm at 25½@26c.

The New Almaden Mining Company was a combination of foreigners, British and Mexican, who fraudulently laid claim to a quicksilver mine in Santa Clara county, California, and got actual possession of it. It was the richest mine in the world. These British and Mexican plunderers made a profit of *one million per annum* during the eight years they had it. Stanton and Della Torre incontinently dragged them into the District Court, compelled them to show their title, and then proved it to be utterly corrupt. The U. S. Court granted an injunction against the company, and their profits have ceased.

It is stated that the persons in whose possession imported Africans are found, are liable to heavy penalties, as well as the traders themselves.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 23 West 5th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

HOPE.

There is yet hope for the dyspeptic! Do not despair, if you *have* been unable to find relief. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will cure any and every case of Dyspepsia. It will cure every case of Liver Complaint. It will remove the yellow and sallow appearance from the skin and eyes. It will restore the nervous system to its original vigor, and give entire health to the body. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

DYSPEPSIA is one of the prevailing diseases of this country. This is owing both to climatic influence, and the habit of eating our meals too rapidly. In spite of these adverse circumstances, this disease rapidly disappears by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters.

THE PEOPLE'S PAMPHLET, which may be had (gratis) of dealers in DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER, abounds in certificates of the most reliable character, and such as will convince the most incredulous that it is invaluable as a family medicine.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 4th, by the Rev. F. Moore, Edwin Henderson, to Eliza Y. daughter of John F. Bodine, Esq. both of this city. Trenton papers please copy.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. T. Bunker, Mr. J. Ralston Wells, M. D. to Miss Margaretta, youngest daughter of Peter Fralley, Esq. of this city.

Sept. 20th, 1858, at 1410 Hanover Street, Kensington, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. Charles Abel, to Miss Ann Elizabeth Lane, both of this city.

Jan. 5th, at the same place, by the same, Mr. James Mitchell, to Miss Alice Devlin, both of this city.

Jan. 1st, at the same place, by the same, Mr. Edward Shobe, to Miss Martha Ann Hey, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. Jos. L. Curtis, to Miss Josephine E. Williams, both of this city. Woodbury papers please copy.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. F. T. Calhoppper, Mr. George H. McCall, of Salem, Ohio, to Miss Jane J. Fenner, of Salem county, N. J.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. Richard F. Bowen, to Miss Lizzie M. Rush, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, George N. Denman, of Chatham, N. J. to Maggie S. daughter of Mr. Chas. J. Priest, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, Charles W. Griffith.
On the 3d instant, John R. Thompson, aged 52 years.
On the 4th instant, Mrs. Ann Berry, aged 41.
On the 4th instant, Mr. Isaac Benner, aged 37 years.
On the 2d instant, Mrs. Mary A. Clayton, aged 51 years.
On the 2d instant, Mrs. Mary Gallagher, aged 86 years.
On the 2d instant, John R. Thompson, aged 52.
On the 2d instant, Rachel, wife of Philip Leibeck, aged 80 years.
On the 1st instant, Catharine Anderson, aged 60 years.
On the 30th ultimo, Edward W. Mumford, aged 48 years.
On the 1st instant, George Haines, aged 52.
On the 31st ultimo, Charles C. Edwards, aged 41 years.
On the 1st instant, Nicholas Brown, aged 60.
On the 1st instant, Ezra Clouser, aged 27.
On the 31st ultimo, William Taylor, aged 80.
On the 31st ultimo, Mr. Peter M. Pote, aged 85 years.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

The Subscribers have issued a Circular in relation to the Cranberry and its Culture, and will forward them, free of charge, to all sending a postage stamp to pre-pay the same. Also, have the plants for sale, and will forward them in a fresh state by express to all parts of the United States.

Address SULLIVAN, BATES & CO.,
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HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA

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jan15-tf THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Phila.

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dec4-13t 181 William Street, New York.

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NEW GOODS,
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PROLIFIC BUCKWHEAT.

This is a new variety, but recently introduced into the United States, by a gentleman now residing in the State of Illinois, through whose kindness I procured a few grains. The advantage in raising it in preference to the common variety is this: Its yield per acre is near double: the flour is of a superior quality and more in quantity; it is not so liable to be injured by the August sun, in consequence of the smallness of the blossom, which makes its appearance at the same time with the seed; when mature, the stalk appears literally covered with seeds.

As an instance of its great yield I will state one fact: the person of whom I obtained the seed, gathered from a small two horse load of straw twenty-four bushels of clean seed; its cultivation is the same as that of the common variety. This Buckwheat derives its name (Prolific) from its great yield per acre. Believing that a distribution of the seed among our farming community will greatly enhance the products of the farm, I propose to send by mail, to all who may desire it, a small package of the seed, providing the parties ordering it inclose a few postage stamps to pre-pay postage and defray the expense of putting up. Address B. LONG, Shirleysburg, Huntingdon Co., Pa. It

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BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

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☞ COUGHS.—The great and sudden changes of our climate, are fruitful sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections*. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stage of disease, recourse should at once be had to "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Lozenges, let the Cough or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually warded off.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,

☞ *Cures Cough, Cold, Hoarseness and Influenza.*
Cures any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.
Relieves the Hacking Cough in Consumption.
Relieves Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh.
Clears and gives strength to the voice of SINGERS.
Indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

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☞ [*From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who has used the Troches five years.*]—"I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I began in thinking well of." "In all my lecturing tours, I put '*Troches*' into my carpet bag as regularly as I do lectures or linen. I do not hesitate to say that in so far as I have had an opportunity of comparison, your '*Troches*' are pre-eminently the best, and the first, of the great Lozenge School."

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

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BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

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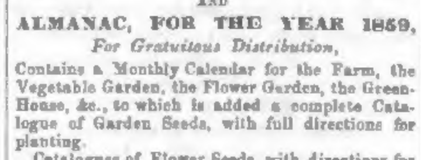

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Wit and Humor.

ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE SPIRITS.

Artemus Ward, the showman, has had an interview with the spirits—and gives his experience to the Cleveland Plaindealer as follows:—

"I will hear observe that Mrs. Ward is a invalerable woman—the partner of my goys & the shairer of my sorrers. In my absunse she watchis my interests & things with a Eagle Eye & when I return she welcums me in afectionate stile. Truly it is with us as it was with Mr. & Mrs. Ingomar in the Play, to whit—

2 soles with but a single thawt
2 harts which beet as 1.

"My naburs indused me to attend a Sperretooal Sircle at Squire Smith's. When I arrove I found the west room full includin all the old maides in the villige & the long hared fellers attend. When I went in I was salooted with 'hear cums the benited man'—'hear cums the unbeleever;' 'hear cums the horny heded skoffer at truth,' etsattery, etsettery. Sez I my friends it's troo ime hear and now Bring on your Sperrets. The cumpany then drew round the table and the Sircle kommenst to go it. They axed me if there was anybody in the Sperret land which I wood like to talk with, & I sed if Bill Tompkins who was onct my partner in the show biznis was sober I shood like to converse with him a few periods. 'Is the Sperret of William Tompkins present?' sed 1 of the long hared chaps and there was three knox on the table. Sez i William how goze it? He sed things was rather rough. Sez i sir yu in the show biznis William, & he said he was.

"He said he & John Bunyan was travelin with a side show in connecksham with Shakespeer, Jonson & Co.'s consollardated menagery & circus. He sed old Bun (meaning Mr. Bunyan) stird up the anermals & ground the orgin while he tended the door. Occashunly Mr. Bunyan sung a comic song. The circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakspeer had made a great hit with 'Old Bob Ridly' and Ben Jonson was delitin the people by his trooly great acks of hossmanship without saddul or bridul. Sez I William kan you pay me that 18 dollars yu owe me, & he sed no with 1 of the most tremendoous knox I ever experiunsed. I then called fur my granfarther & lurned that he was meatin with fare success in the peenut biznis & liked it very well, altho the climit was rather warm.

"When the Sircle stopt they asked me what I thawt of it. Sez I my friends ive been into the show biznis now goin on 23 years. You dowtlis believe this Sperret doctrin, while I think it is a little mixt. Just so soon as a man became a reglar out & out Sperret rapper he leeves orf working, lets his hare grow all over his face & commensis spungin his livin out of other people. He eats all the dickshunaries he can find and goze round chock full of big words, scarein the wimmin folks & little children & destroying the piece of mind of every famerlies he enters. He don't do nobody no good & is a cuss to society and a pirit on honest peple's corn beef barrils. Admittin all yu say about the doctrin to be troo, I must say the reglar perfessional sperret rappers—them as make a biznis on it—air abowt the most ornery set of cusses I ever encountered in my life. So saying I put on my surtoot & went home. Respectably Yours,

"ARTHUR WARD."

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.—A clerical friend of ours was settled over an appreciative congregation on Long Island. Along in October, one of his parishioners, not of the most liberal reputation, stopped after the service, and, taking the pastor aside, whispered in his ear that he must not buy a Thanksgiving turkey, for he had a fine one that he was fattening especially for his use. Our friend expressed the gratitude he felt, for it was relieving him of quite an item of expense, and then it showed that his ministrations were not unacceptable. Several times, on passing his benefactor's house, he was stopped, and the noble bird, whom the children all knew was the "minister's gobbler," pointed out. The last time, the farmer told him that he believed he must invite himself and family to dine with the minister on Thanksgiving day, and have a good time together over the delicate tid-bits the fowl would make; which invitation, of course, our friend cordially pressed, though he could not help thinking, when he remembered the number of young mouths thus suddenly called in to assist in despatching the plum-puddings and mince pies, that the financial motives of gratitude, in view of this arrangement, had disappeared.

The long-looked-for Thursday morning came at last, and Farmer Tight came with it, turkey in hand.

"Isn't it a fine one! Isn't it plump!—and so tender, too! I assure you there will be fine eating here," was his self-satisfied assurance, more than once repeated.

To which our friend tried to match expressions of admiration equally enthusiastic.

"He must weigh eight or ten pounds, Mr. Tight."

"*Ten* pounds—ten in the notch, I weighed him myself, *and he'll come to just a dollar*, Brother Edgar."

Brother Edgar paid the dollar, insisted on having them all to dinner, and made an excellent friend of Mr. Tight.—*N. Y. Times.*

A WIDE AWAKE SHEPHERD.—Sir Walter Scott used to tell, with great relish, an anecdote of his adventures among the northern isles of Scotland. The island of Sanda is one of the worst situated for navigation, and the best for wreckers, of any among the Orkneys; and the story goes that a worthy clergyman of that dangerous spot

"Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved,"

sympathized so deeply with the interests of his flock, that in winding up his prayer for mercy to all mankind, he could not help adding—

"Nevertheless, *if* it please Thee to cause hapless ships to be cast on the shore, oh, dinna forget the poor island of Sanda!"

THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

I love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me:
Our mutual flame is like the affinity
That doth exist between two simple bodies:
I am Potassium to thine Oxygen.
'Tis little that the holy marriage vow
Shall shortly make us one. That unity
Is, after all, but metaphysical.
Oh, would that I, my Mary, were an acid—
A living acid; thou an alkali,
Endowed with human sense, that, brought together,
We both might coalesce into one salt,
One homogeneous crystal. Oh! that thou
Wert Carbon, and myself were Hydrogen,
We would unite to form olefiant gas,
Or common coal, or naptha; would to heaven
That I were Phosphorus, and thou wert Lime!
And we of Lime composed a Phosphuret.
I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid,
So that thou might be Soda. In that case
We should be Glauber's Salt. Wert thou Magnasia
Instead, we'd form that named from Epsom.
Could'st thou Potasa be, I Aqua-fortis,
Our happy union should that compound form,
Nitrate of Potash, otherwise Saltpetre.
And thus our several natures sweetly blent,
We'd live and love together until death
Should decompose the fleshly *tertium quid*,
Leaving our souls to all eternity
Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs,
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?
We will. The day, the happy day is nigh
When Johnson shall with beauteous Briggs combine.

HOW TO TELL A LAWYER.—A few days since, a gentleman, being beyond the limits of his neighborhood, inquired of a pert negro who was travelling the same way, if the road led to a certain place. Cuffee gave the required information, but seemed anxious to know who the stranger was, as well as his occupation.—For the fun of the thing, the traveller concluded to humor Ebony a little, and the following dialogue ensued:

"My name is ——, and as to the business I follow, if you are at all smart you can guess it from my appearance: can't you see that I am a timber-cutter?"

"No, boss, you not timber-cutter."

"An overseer, then."

"No, sir, you no look like one."

"What say you to my being a doctor?"

"Don't think so, boss; dey don't ride in sulkey."

"Well, how do you think I will do for a preacher?"

"I sorter specs you is dat, sir."

"Pshaw! Cuffee, you are a greater fool than I took you for. Don't I look more like a lawyer than anything else?"

"No, siree, you don't dat."

"Why, Cuffee?"

"Why, now, you see, boss, I'se bin ridin' wid you for more'n a mile, an' you hain't *cussed* any, and a lawyer *always* cusses."—*Charleston Courier.*

A WONDERFUL EMETIC.—A boy had swallowed a silver dollar. None of the faculty could devise any alleviation, and, as a last resort, the inventor of the "Great Universal Pillinus" was sent for. "It is evident," said Mr. Hack, "that so large a coin can never be forced up, by any emetic known to science; however, give the boy this pill and watch the result." The pill was given, and strange to relate, in less than an hour afterwards the boy threw up the dollar, not in coin, as originally swallowed, but *in five-cent pieces.* We learn that the patient is as well as could be expected.

This was effectual, but by no means (says the New Haven Register) as ingenious as the plan resorted to by a physician of our acquaintance, who saved the life of a man who had swallowed camphine, mistaking it for gin, by cramming wicking down his throat and burning him out.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HOUSE SERVANTS.—Every one of Queen Victoria's subjects is her servants; from the highest to the lowest they are happy to call themselves H. B. M's servants. But she has a special corps of help for her own private use.

It appears that the number of individuals employed in the personal service of Her Majesty, exclusive of huntsmen, whippers in, &c., not enumerated in the department of the Master of the Horse, is as follows:—In the department of the Lord Steward, 167; in the department of the Lord Chamberlain, 635; in the department of the Master of the Horse, 119; total, 921. Imposing as is this array, there must be added to it the household of the Prince Consort, which consists of a groom of the stole, a treasurer, a private secretary, two lords of the bedchamber, a clerk marshal, three equerries in ordinary, and an equerry extraordinary two grooms of the bedchamber, four chaplains in ordinary, and a chaplain at Osborne, a librarian, two gentlemen ushers, two physicians in ordinary, and two extraordinary, four surgeons in ordinary, two surgeon dentists, and an apothecary, and a gentleman rider; besides an army agent to receive his pay, and a solicitor to conduct his litigation. Adding these the household functionaries muster 965 strong. In Scotland and Ireland there are two more royal households. The first of these consists of a keeper of the great seal, a lord privy seal, a lord clerk register, a lord advocate, a lord justice clerk, an hereditary grand constable, a knight marischal, an hereditary master of the household, an hereditary standard bearer, an hereditary armor bearer and squire of the royal body (Lady Seyron Stewart), an hereditary carver, an hereditary cup bearer, an hereditary usher, (heirs of the late Sir Patrick Walker), an historiographer, three physicians in ordinary, and a physician accoucher, three surgeons in ordinary, two surgeon dentists, two chemists and druggists, a cupper in ordinary, and an oculist, three deans and six chaplains, six hereditary keepers of palaces (nearly all mere ruins), and a body guard of royal archers, commanded by a captain-general, three lieutenant-generals, and four major-generals. The Irish household, which is formed on the English model, has among its functionaries two persons described as "gentlemen at large," whose duties must be left to the imagination.

APPALLING DISCLOSURES OVERHEARD BY AN OLD LADY IN THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO RUFFIANS IN A RAILWAY CAR.

FIRST ARTIST.—"Children don't seem to me to sell now as they used to."

SECOND ARTIST *(in a hoarse whisper)*.—"Well, I was at Stodge's yesterday. He'd just knocked off three little girls' heads—horrid raw things—a dealer came in, sir—bought 'em directly—took 'em away, wet as they were, on the stretchers, and wanted Stodge to let him have some more next week."

Agricultural.

WORK FOR JANUARY.

WHEAT FIELDS.—Look to these, and keep the water-furrows open. It is excess of water in the soil which usually causes winter killing. If you have had "fly" in the fall, graze closely with sheep and other stock, except when the ground is soft.

TOBACCO.—Continue to strip tobacco whenever it may be in order, and despatch the work. Get stuff for hogshead siding and heading, so that they may be in readiness without consuming more valuable time later in the season.—The timber for hoops should not be cut until you are about to use it.

TOBACCO BEDS.—Have brush and wood for burning tobacco beds, cut early: and take the first opportunity of the ground being in proper order to burn, and prepare your beds for seeding. There not unfrequently occurs a spell of weather in this month, when the ground will be in better condition than at any time again before April. Many planters now think that the necessity of burning is superseded by a heavy dressing of guano. It is applied at the rate of six to eight hundred pounds to the acre, and chopped in when hoeing. Top dressings of guano are used, too, with good effect, after the plants are up. If guano be not used, a good compost of well-rotted stable and other manures which have been kept free from grass seeds should be chopped in at seeding time, and should be prepared now for the purpose of top-dressing in spring. Col. Blackistone, of St. Mary's Co., an experienced planter, applies the freshest stable manure, using wheat straw in his racks while it is accumulating, dresses his beds when ready for sowing with this, and sows the seed on top of the manure. He has practised this method with much success for many years.

STOCK.—Have horses, oxen, cows, calves and sheep well looked to. As ewes approach the season of lambing, give them a careful oversight, and feed them some grain, that they may be kept in good heart. Keep your breeding sows in good condition, if you expect from them thrifty broods of pigs. If your working stock of horses, oxen, &c., or your implements of any sort are deficient, supply them without delay.

CARTS, IMPLEMENTS, &c.—Have carts, implements, &c., of all sorts thoroughly repaired, if they need it, and keep all well secured from weather. If you have not shedding or house-room for everything now, when the necessity is apparent, and you have the leisure, provide it. Have the gearing all overhauled, repaired, and occasionally greased. Give the blades of scythes, the knives of your Reaper and Mower, and anything about your other agricultural machines or implements that is likely to suffer from rust, a thin coating of grease and beeswax melted together. Have your ice-hooks, leather mittens, saws and axes all ready for a speedy gathering of the ice crop.

CLOVER FIELDS.—Let no hoof touch your clover field till the proper season for grazing in spring.

PLASTER AND GRASS SEEDS.—Have these purchased and on hand early.

FENCE RAILS AND WOOD.—Cut early all the fencing stuff you may want, and have your stock of wood for next winter's use cut and corded.

PLANTING TREES, &c.—If you have trees to plant in spring, dig out the holes in any suitable weather; the earth will be better for exposure to the frost—and let there be no overhaste to prevent this being well done. Set stakes near the trees planted out the past autumn, and fasten the trees to them, securely, with ropes of straw, to prevent the evils produced by the winter winds. Turn over and examine all piles of weeds, and other trash, and kill the field mice you will be sure to find in some of them. Fill a bag with straw for a cushion, and get down on your knees, with knife and brad awl, or other probe, and hunt up the grub at his mischievous work in your peach trees.

MANURES.—Gather up materials for manure from any source at command. Secure the hog pen manure. See that the spouting on your houses throws the water well off, and that the strength of your yard manures is not washed out by it.

LIME AND ASHES.—If you have either of these manures to apply, they may be spread at any time on grass land. If the land is to be cultivated this season, wait till it is ploughed. The same may be said as to any other manures.—*American Farmer.*

CURIOUS MODE OF GRAFTING THE PEAR.—The French, it is well known, are very expert in grafting and budding, and have long since operated on all sorts of plants, including tomatoes, on potatoes, cucumbers and other singular plants—sometimes for profit; at others, apparently more to show to what extent the art can be applied. Another singular practice has just come to light, through the medium of a correspondent to the English Gardener's Chronicle, which is the working of flower beds of the pear, taken from bearing trees, on to barren ones. The extract reads:—

"The finest pears exhibited (Paris Hort. Exhibition) were produced from flower buds, which had been inserted on barren spurs of other trees during the previous autumn. This method of budding is called by the French, "Greffes de boutons a fruit," which to me was a novelty in horticultural manipulation. The whole spurs were cut from the trees, to show the buds inserted, which latter had produced no wood shoots, but only the fine fruit in clusters of threes and fours. The best specimens were those of Doyenne d' Hiver, Duchess d' Angouleme, Beurre Clairgeau, Belle de Berry and Belle Angevine."

Another method of grafting, exhibited at the same time, reads as follows:—

"Connected with the fruit department, was a series of fruit trees in pots and tubs, for the purpose of exhibiting the different methods of grafting, budding, pruning, training, &c., which afforded much interest, and were closely inspected by both practicals and amateurs. To me some of the manipulations appeared ingenious as well as effective. One curious mode of grafting is interesting in a physiological point of view. It consisted of the leaf on an orange tree, which had produced roots from the footstalk, after which the parenchyma was cut from each side of the mid-rib near the centre, when a scion was grafted on the latter, which was bushing into a regular and vigorous plant. I understood the person to say that these scions were covered with mould, into which they soon rooted, when they had both the advantage of their own roots, and those of the stock on which they were grafted."

WORTHLESSNESS OF BLOCK TIN WATER PIPES.—Mr. J. Crawford Neilson, a Baltimore architect, of high reputation, writes to the American Farmer as follows:

"The frequent cases of poisoning, which have been occasioned by using lead pipes to convey the usually clear water of our springs and pumps in the country, have naturally caused inquiry for some safer material. Among these substitutes, block tin has been highly recommended, and notwithstanding its great cost, such pipes have been used by me for my own house, and for those of other persons. I have to state that the best block tin pipe, manufactured in New York, and declared to contain 99 per cent. of pure tin, has proved entirely good for nothing—sometimes not lasting one year. I am aware that information of this sort is of importance to gentlemen living in the country, as out of fifty-three country houses which I have built, thirty-two have been completely provided with supplies of water."

MOSS FOR WINTER USE.—Where moss can be obtained from swamps, or from other sources, it may be applied to many valuable uses in keeping vegetables, &c. Beets, turnips, parsnips, &c., often shrivel in cellars, and become nearly valueless. Pack them in boxes, with alternate layers of fine, slightly damp moss, and *they will keep as fresh as when taken from the earth where they grew.* Cabbages may be finely kept in the same way in cellars. There is nothing better for keeping apples than to imbed them in soft, scarcely moist moss. We have no doubt that if dry, it would answer admirably for grapes, but have not tried it.—*Country Gentleman.*

PREPARATION AND TREATMENT OF TOBACCO PLANT BEDS.

In the *Farmer* of November 20th, there is a communication on Tobacco Beds, by "B," of Amelia county—some of the positions of which I can by no means assent to—being directly opposite to my experience. His experience is, "that as a general thing it is not safe to top-dress with stable manure." My experience is that it is not only safe, but highly advantageous; and this opinion of mine is corroborated by the experience of some of the best tobacco makers around me—and hence I will state how and when I apply the stable manure.

Early in the winter I take out of my stable some manure that is free of trash, and put it on a plank floor where it can get *thoroughly dry*; when it gets so, it is then forced through a guano sieve, very little rubbing being necessary. I will here state that I never cover my beds with any kind of brush, but before the plants appear, I give the beds a good coating of this *dry, fine manure*; this operation is repeated in a few days after the plants make their appearance, and then once or twice afterwards; never passing over any spot, however bare of plants; as experience and observation have taught me that the coating of manure will, in most cases, cause the seed to germinate where they had not done so before. Where the manure is *dry and fine*, you may cover the plants up entirely, without the least risk of injury.

I find that *dry, fine stable manure* weighs eleven pounds per bushel; and I have, the last spring, applied as much as four bushels to one hundred square yards—which would be forty-four pounds to that space. One bushel (eleven pounds) at a time, gives a very good dressing; but I have applied at one operation as much as one bushel and three quarters; that would cover the plants entirely up, if they were small.

If the fly attacks my plants, I apply a very thick coating of this *dry, fine stable manure*; for my opinion is, that if anything will drive them away, this thick coating of manure will. Let the manure be *dry and fine*, and then watch the beds closely; a plant bed needs *nursing*; if the farmer does not do this himself, there must be a trusty person to do so in his stead. Do not give it up to Tom, Dick and Harry. I am not opposed to top-dressing with guano, but do so after the plants get to a tolerable size—for instance, in the last two or three weeks before planting.

As yet I have said nothing respecting my mode of preparing plant beds; and as it differs very widely from the plan in common use, I will here state what it is. If I take a piece of fresh ground, (I prefer standing beds,) I apply axes and grubbing hoes, until all roots are taken out. I then apply the new-ground coulter, working it as deep as I can; and after getting off what roots had been left, I cross-coulter; this time forcing it up to the beam. I then hoe it as fine as I can with grubbing hoes, and next with broad hoes until I get it to a fine tilth, after every operation, getting off as closely as possible all roots; then rake it over, getting it quite smooth.

The bed is now ready for the guano. I apply it at the rates of about four hundred pounds to the acre; hoe it in deep with broad hoes, and then rake over nicely. I next cut with the grubbing hoe small trenches, running across the bed, and some ten feet apart, and nearer than this if the ground is any way sobby; then sow the seed and pat the ground with the foot. No matter how many of these small trenches there are, no ground is lost; for they are made before the seed are sown, and of course the sides and bottom have as many seed sown over them as any other equal space of ground.

My preparation of standing beds is nearly the same as above. I *coulter very deep*, and use grubbing hoes and broad hoes until a fine tilth is obtained; *deep and thorough working* is needed. About the first of August I cut off close everything that is on the bed, and cover it over to the depth of five or six inches with leaves, which are removed a few days before burning. About three years ago there appeared in the *Farmer* a communication on plant beds, from which I drew some valuable lessons, worth far more to me than the subscription price of your paper during my lifetime; and hence I have thought that as I was greatly benefitted by a brother farmer, it was my duty to try to benefit some other one.—*B., in the Southern Farmer.* —*Louisa Co., Va.*

SCRATCHES.—This complaint comes from bad grooming—allowing horses to stand long with muddy feet, &c. If the horse is poor, give a generous diet. If in good condition, give cut hay or straw, with bran or ship-stuff, once or twice a day—and reduce the feed of oats. Then keep the feet clean by means of good castile soap and water, and use unsalted lard to aid the healing process. This will be probably enough. We may add, however, that Professor Morton, of the Royal Veterinary College, recommends the following:—Equal parts of vinegar, linseed oil and turpentine. Wash the heels with lukewarm water and castile soap, and, after wiping dry, apply the mixture.

"TAKE A CHAIR."—An English gentleman arrived at a change-house in Osterdale late one evening, and was lucky in obtaining the only spare bed. Presently, when he was on the point of retiring to rest, a Norwegian lady also arrived, intending to spend the night there. What was to be done? Like a gallant Englishman as he was, he immediately offered to give up his bed to the "unprotected female," who was mistress of a little English. "Many thanks; but what will you do, sir?" "Oh! I will take a chair for the night." At this answer the lady blushed, and darted out of the room, and in a few minutes her carriole was driven off in the darkness. What could be the meaning of it? The peasant's wife soon after looked into the room, with a knowing sort of look at the Englishman. He subsequently discovered the key to the enigma. The lady thought he said "he would take a share," and was, of course, mightily offended. So much for a smattering of a foreign language! Doubtless, from that day forward, she would quote this incident to her female friends as an instance of the natural depravity of Englishmen.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 51 letters.
My 8, 19, 28, 14, 45, 30, 41, was the son of Esculapius.
My 25, 2, 16, 38, 11, 40, 23, was a surname of Bacchus.
My 26, 49, 32, 7, 40, 34, was a division of the Roman Empire.
My 16, 37, 24, 3, 6, 33, 18, 40, 13, is a book of the Old Testament.
My 31, 35, 44, 29, 15, 46, 31, 47, is a division of Italy.
My 17, 36, 18, 11, 28, 1, 33, 13, was one of the fates.
My 2, 48, 29, 25, 9, 50, was an ancient name of Great Britain.
My 30, 14, 19, 36, 43, 29, 31, 25, 1, was a whirlpool, the terror of ancient mariners.
My 39, 21, 45, 7, 4, 20, 14, was one of the most splendid cities of ancient Greece.
My 42, 3, 5, 10, 45, was a lake in Asia Minor.
My 23, 49, 27, 8, 39, 22, is a celebrated fish.
My 12, 2, 36, 31, is attached to most houses.
My whole is an institution of learning in Maryland. B. F.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only four letters compose my whole,
And for it many have risked their soul;
Erase my third, and you will see
What many have made my whole to be;
Transpose the same, and you will find
An animal, faithful, loving and kind;
Erase my first, and I'm sure that you
Will declare that I am far from new.
Ah! now you have it, I declare,
Then let it not be to you a snare.

W. S. KING.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A. K. HOWRY.

Upon almost every farm
My first you can find;
My second is what some men
Are often defined.

My third is a useful agent,
Keep it in subjection—
My whole you can surely guess
With a little reflection.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 7, and I am a beverage.
Omit my 5, 6, 7, and I am idle talk.
Omit my 1, 3, 5, 6, and transpose, and I am a habitation.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 7, and transpose, and I am what we all do.
Omit my 1, 5, 6, 7, and I am a protection for the head.
Omit my 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, and I am a preposition.
Omit my 6, 7, and transpose, and I am a deceiver.
My whole is a fortified house.

Cape Island, N. J. J. P. McGOVERN.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We blur.	Rope Co.
Oct.—et.	Maed S.
Bent ant.	Quiver Licks.
U led.	See, cap!
If R. send.	Try aged.
St. Hog.	Ret in a store.

GAHMRW.

SPECULATION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A person wished to go into a certain speculation, but having no money, borrowed some at 6 per cent. He now went to business, and gained during the year at the rate of ½ of the capital increase; he then paid off the interest due, renewed his loan at 6 per cent, invested what was left, and continued another year, when it yielded him only ¼ increase on this new investment; he then paid off the interest, renewed the loan at 6 per cent., and tried the same speculation the third year, again investing stock and gain in the business; but times getting worse he gained only 1-5 increase to the investment. He now paid off his borrowed capital and interest, when he found he had gained $3,082.08 by his whole three years speculation. What sum of money did he borrow at first?

AUGUSTUS.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What ship's boat ought to contain a happy crew? Ans.—The jolly boat.

☞ Which is the best site for a lunatic asylum? Ans.—The Sultry Islands.

☞ SOUR A QUESTION.—Why cannot a cook swallow her apron? Ans.—Because it goes against her stomach.

☞ BRILLIANT AND CONVINCING.—When is a lamp like a traveller who has just got out of a vehicle? Ans.—When it's just *a-lighted*.

☞ Why is an old chair that has a new bottom put to it like a paid bill should be? Ans.—Because it is *re-seated* (receipted).

☞ Why is a screech-owl like a fiddler? Ans.—Because he makes a *vile fungo* (violin go).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—When thou art buying a horse, or choosing a wife, shut thine eyes and commend thyself to God. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Saxe Meiningen Hilburghausen. CHARADE.—Goose-berry. CHARADE.—Acorn. CHARADE.—Hamilton (Ham-il-ton). ANAGRAMS.—Subterraneous, Principality, Hypocritical, Mineralogy, Lamentation, Mediterranean, Obliterations, Establishments, Military, Inferiority, New Hampshire, Impoverishing. TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION.—303 acres, 75 perches.

A. H. wishes to correct his answer to Quintilian's Problem of Nov. 20th. The correct answer he believes to be—The Eagle that flies 160 miles an hour flies 222 2-9 miles, and the other 377 7-9 miles. Carleton C. Palmer gives the same solution—while, J. Semmis, Babylon—and Benjamin J. Friedlander, Belleville, give 2,000 and 2,500 miles.

A GOOD REPLY.—A truckman driving along a team the other day, all the horses in which were like Pharaoh's lean kine, except the leading one, was asked by a portsea captain whom he met, why the *fore horse* was so *fat* and all the rest so *lean*. "Because, captain," said he, "the *fore horse* is the *captain* and the others are the *sailors*."—*New Bedford Mercury.*